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# THE ART-UNION.

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EXHIBITIONS  
FOREIGN ART  
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## ON THE PRESENT STATE OF THE FINE ARTS IN GREAT BRITAIN.

In our last we noticed in a cursory manner the imperfect and changeable nature of everything connected with Art in this country. The impossibility of continuing in one uninterrupted stream of improvement either the arts of poetry or of painting, has at all times been perceived; and their ebbing, and flowing, has only been produced by the influential presence of eminent men, an Angelo and a Titian, a Rubens and a Reynolds, becoming the mighty movers of the spring-tides in painting. An ART requiring so many requisites to produce perfection in any one branch, necessarily extends the divisions which mark the intervals of its eminent professors; nor can we expect that an academy, or any other nursery of education, can produce a greater succession; like other seedlings, a thousand may be reared, but, to the experienced botanist, all alike worthless. Yet it does not follow from that, that academies are of no use; on the contrary, they give the greatest chance for the cultivation of genius, and enable it to carry out in after life the practical results imbibed from the classic fountains of Greece and Rome; when properly conducted they become the great grammar schools of painting, and unfold in the shortest space of time a knowledge of those beauties which lie hid in the antique sculpture. Whatever faults the Royal Academy may have in other matters, the education of youth has been conducted in the most exemplary manner, and the most perfect models of ancient art have at all times been placed before the students. Nor have the failures in producing many men of superior talent been altogether detrimental to the spread of art through the country, for the numberless failures in producing painters whose abilities were sufficiently great to live by the easel, have, nevertheless, furnished the manufacturing provinces with a better class of designers; for, as Reynolds observes, "Academies will always be surrounded with an atmosphere influenced by their existence;" and even the common sign-posts exhibit sufficient marks to indicate the different eras of a Lely or a Lawrence. The annual exhibitions of the Royal Academy also contribute considerably to give a bias to the general taste of the people, operating through the medium of the scenery of our theatres, the teachers of schools, and private pupils, and the mere assemblage and remarks of the public at large; also, in a very great degree, by the engraving and publishing those pictures which have attracted favourable notice in the exhibition. Nor do the pictures cease to exert their influence on the close of the Academy, but may be traced, like lawyers taking their western or northern circuit, through

the different provincial exhibitions. Notwithstanding all these beneficial results they are not without a considerable portion of deleterious matter, which, emanating from so large a body as the Royal Academy, is doubly pernicious; and any vice dignified by the example of Turner, Lawrence, or Wilkie, spreads like an infectious disease over the country, by means of a host of servile imitators, whose works possess nothing of a redeeming quality to counteract their injurious consequences. We can notice, too, a certain tacit compact entered into, which gives currency to principles agreeable to the whole body, that not only produce a harmonious uniformity, but tend to crush any attempt at a deviation from the general character of the pictures on the walls of the exhibition. Now, this seems to have been going on gradually since its foundation, that if we could introduce a few of Sir Joshua Reynolds' best works, they would look more like the productions of Rembrandt than of one of the founders of the English school. It is to be hoped, however, that the reign of these coloured sweetmeats is drawing to a close, as already Kremlit's white, chrome yellow, iodine of mercury, and French blue, have been lavishly and freshly employed; and when things get to a head, a reaction generally takes place. Reynolds designates the Venetian school "the ornamental school," and has been blamed for using so contemptuous a phrase, but surely no one could be found fault with for designating the English as the "coloured school." If Time is to be the great glazer of these crudities, then the English are the only artists who paint for posterity; and if this state of things is to continue, then Titian, Velasquez, and Vandyke must be consigned to the "tomb of all the Capulets," for they have lived in vain; but we cannot altogether despond when we see the works produced by many of the rising generation—young artists, as yet not disdaining to visit the National Gallery, and catch a tone of inspiration from the study of these powerful antidotes. When we reflect that a school of painting is established in the Academy where the works of the old masters are copied by the students, we feel confident that they only depart from these models when they grow up to be exhibitors themselves, from a conviction that they must conform to the general taste of the academicians, as the only chance of having their pictures well hung. Let us for a moment imagine that their works were to be hung up with those of Titian, Velasquez, Tintoret, Paul Veronese, and even with some of Spagnoletto's, in place of the less substantial delicacies of Eastlake, Turner, Collins, or Calcott; they would appear as visions that were "melting into air, thin air," and that we had not the same materials to work with, that these mighty masters were in possession of. But a little examination

will show us that it was not the mere pigments which have given the vast superiority to their works. Any one who will run over the outlines of 'Peter Martyr,' or the 'Death of Abel,' by Titian, will perceive a boldness of conception, a greatness and continuity of form, partaking even of a Michael Angelo character. Let us look at the picturesque grouping, and magnificent masses of the mere light and shade of the miracle of St Mark, by Tintoret, or the extended combinations displayed by Paul Veronese in his works of 'The Martyrdom of St George' and the 'Marriage at Cana,' and we will have some idea of the great groundworks on which these colourists spread out their schemes of chiaro-scuro and color. Compared with these, what have we on the walls of the Academy? Feeble emanations of timid conception, embodied forth in bits and portions of figures; clothed in undecided light and shade, and loaded with colours which they are enabled to bear. We, however, must dissent from the opinions of such artists as Professor Waagen, or Horace Vernet, that academies have brought the state of the Fine Arts to this situation. The ignorance of the public who cannot distinguish good works from bad; the want of originality in the artists themselves, which makes them mere imitators of each other; and, above all, that superficial system of study which in process of time destroys the capacious grasp of the human mind—these are the causes which operate perniciously. Before leaving the Academy in the present notice, we must do justice to the great founder, Reynolds; not only in his giving to the students the result of his observations and long practice in his lectures, but in his own example; witness some of his finest works, such as his 'Mrs Siddons as the Tragic Muse,' his 'Count Ugolino,' and the witches in his 'Macbeth,' the ideas of which are all taken from Michael Angelo; the two first from the ceiling, and the last from the walls of the Sistine Chapel. Without entering into the question respecting the comparative importance of the Royal Academy and the National Gallery, as a means of improving the taste of the people, we consider the opinion of Sir Martin Shee, that the latter is to be considered more as a granary, or a hortus siccus of art, quite as one-sided as the opinion of Mr Haydon, who considers the exhibitions of the Academy as injurious to the public taste. The influence which an academy calls into active operation, either through the medium of its schools or its annual exhibitions, can only be effective when based upon those principles which exist in the works of the great masters, and the people are more likely to appreciate what is good in the moderns by having the means of a continual reference to the finest works of antiquity, both in sculpture and painting. Nevertheless, a na-

tional gallery, without concomitant circumstances can accomplish but little; of which the gallery at Madrid, one of the first in Europe, is a striking example. Every one must be aware that walking through the most splendid library cannot advance learning; the names of the several authors, the number of their writings, or the years of their existence, may be acquired with little trouble; but no useful knowledge can accrue from such data. So it is with pictures. To be driven, like a flock of sheep, through the most splendid galleries, with the servants uttering forth the names of the subjects, and the painters in the most monstrous and uncouth jargon, is little better than mere idleness. Pictures can only be useful in improving the taste of the people by permitting a careful contemplation of their beauties and defects; to enable people to do this it is necessary to class and arrange the several schools, that their peculiarities may be perceived, for qualities that are admissible, and even to be praised in some styles, are detrimental in others; therefore, having works arranged so as to look interesting, may please and amuse the eye, but cannot be serviceable in improving the judgment. It is also of the highest importance that fine works should be so placed as to be attractive and their beauties shown to the best advantage, otherwise they cannot produce those effects on the mind, which can at all lead to beneficial results. Now we are firmly of opinion, that unless all these matters are maturely considered and acted upon, our National Gallery must remain neither ornamental nor useful: the pictures are not many, neither many of the highest class, but were they the finest in Europe, the very colour of the walls would destroy their efficacy. Every artist who has watched the effects of time upon pictures, must have observed that pearly greys degenerate often into greenish, and leaden tints, and yellow stone-colours preponderate in other instances; by painting the walls, therefore, of a dirty grey-green, this defect is heightened, to the utter ruin of the Claudes, and other works of the same tone of colour; neither are the warm and dark pictures benefited by it, for they are rendered by the opposition black and inky, and the brilliancy of the lights is totally obliterated. The colouring of the walls, therefore, is a point of very great moment; for it not only deteriorates the pictures of the gallery, and renders them less objects of admiration to the public, but leads many persons possessing valuable paintings to follow the same injurious principle, not doubting but that the directors of a great national institution are the best judges on this head. We might instance the Dulwich Gallery as an example of the effect produced by a differently coloured wall; for, though the pictures are of an inferior class generally to those in the National Gallery, they look a great deal better, and simply owing to this circumstance: a reddish brown or warm chocolate colour renders the light pictures more luminous and delicate, and the dark ones less heavy from harmonizing with many of the tones in the dark masses; as to rendering the general look of the apartments gloomy, it is absurd to offer such a remark in extenuation; most pictures look out when surrounded by a space of dull colour: few artists paint with much light in their rooms, and most of the works of the Italian school were painted for situations where little light could reach them. In the exhibitions of old masters at the British Gallery this year, though the very worst assemblage we have ever witnessed, Lord Francis Egerton's two Titians looked dirty and unfinished, and few could believe that they were the same works that looked so splendid on the walls of Cleveland House. Now this arose, not from their being in bad company, but from their being hung in too strong a light. With many of the frames we might perhaps find the same fault as with the colour of the walls, that they do not shew off the various works to advantage, but the works themselves have a strong claim on the few remarks we feel inclined to make. Every collec-

tion of pictures by celebrated masters must be considered as beneficial to the improvement of the public taste, and at the same time furnishing the students in painting with works to which they can refer as examples. At present, the directors do not seem to bear these things in view, but are more desirous of having specimens of the different schools without reference to their utility. We hear artists strongly deprecate the purchase of the Raffaele, the Salvator Rosa landscape and other pictures as being of little use either to the student or the public generally. Few of the pictures of Raffaele can give any idea of his great power, and had he never painted anything better than the St Catherine (for which the directors paid 2000*l.* guineas), he never would have acquired a first-rate reputation: when this country is in possession of the most glorious of his works (those in the Vatican alone excepted), why are they allowed to moulder on the walls of Hampton Court useless and unproductive in their effects, when, if removed to the National Gallery, they would produce better results upon Art than the Elgin marbles, for which the nation paid 30,000*l.*: a room could easily be built behind the Gallery which would enable them to be lighted from above; as to their being "injured by the smoke of London" that is quite ideal; there was not the same anxiety about their preservation when they were allowed to remain in damp rooms for years, both at Whitehall and Buckingham Palace: and as to the decayed state of the one now at the Foundling Hospital, "The Murder of the Innocents," being given as a proof it is founded in error; it being painted in turpentine colours, while those at Hampton Court are in water colour, but rather than forego the advantage they would be to the taste of the country they could be covered with glass. Nothing ought to be permitted to stand in the way of what would be advantageous to a people who have done so much for the advantage of other nations. Before quitting the gallery we must express our regret that, as a school of painting, it is suffered to remain without an artist to direct the labours of the pupils;—a school without a master must strike every one as a perfect anomaly; boys might possibly acquire a knowledge of Homer or Virgil, but the waste of time, and the best time in their lives too, would be enormous compared with what would be acquired with a head to direct them. We are free to admit that the secretary is unremitting in his attention, but we want a person who would be able to dictate to them with more authority. We are aware that a jealousy exists between the Royal Academy and the National Gallery, which, however, ought to be removed, as they both profess to be for the advantage of the public. We should like to see the keeper of the Academy in the gallery upon the Friday and Saturday, especially as it is the only school where female pupils are admitted; this alone demands some such regulation. We have the same objection to the school for the drawing from the antique in the British Museum, and which is considered as a probationary school for the Royal Academy: the idleness, the irrecoverable waste of time, and the fatal acquirement of a vicious or incorrect style of drawing, is perfect ruin in after life, and the profession is degraded by a host of imperfect artists let loose upon society. It is of no use for any government to purchase works of a high class if they are not rendered effective upon the taste of the country through the medium of correct instruction, and this can only be done by proper artists being appointed to convey tuition, without which it would be better to close up the various facilities which only tend to divert the youth from more certain results. The school of design projected by government, and now under the able direction of Mr Dyce, may be the means of fostering a more ornamental mode of drawing, which may be made applicable to the various branches of manufacture; but we confess we cannot yet see the force of shutting out a know-

ledge of the human figure: to be able to draw, they must be able correctly to delineate any object, and however, in the school, the pupils may be kept in ignorance, they will attempt the figure at home, and ultimately become painters in spite of every obstacle. The same plan was tried for many years in the Trustees' Academy at Edinburgh, which afterwards became a mere school for general instruction in drawing. Taking the human figure as the groundwork of all design, it is well known, in many proportions in architecture and ornamental decoration, the Greeks formed their principles upon a contemplation of the proportions observable in the varieties of man. With these few remarks we must conclude for the present, but we must at all times urge the attention of the government towards the decoration of our public buildings with works of an historical character, as the best means of bringing out the talent of our artists, and giving a decided character to the arts of the country generally.

#### ART IN THE PROVINCES.

EDINBURGH.—The Report of the Committee of Management of the Association for the Promotion of the Fine Arts in Scotland, for the years 1838-9, has just been published. It is of a highly gratifying character, and exhibits a progressive improvement in the means, which cannot but have had a most beneficial effect upon the results of this excellent and useful institution. We shall, next month, give a summary of its several details, and state our reasons for differing from the Committee upon some points to which they seem resolved to adhere, notwithstanding that they evidently operate against the objects they have in view.

DUBLIN.—The first Annual Meeting of "The Institute of Architects of Ireland" has been held during the month. An animated conversation took place between the Chairman and other gentlemen present, on the great advantages which the institution must confer on the country. It was stated, that while the professional architects of Ireland were inferior to no other class of men in Europe in the several branches of their profession, and were competent to raise the architectural taste of the country to the pre-eminence which we should hold in enlightened society, they were thwarted in all their efforts by a body of men who laid claim to the title of architects, though they were, in reality, merely mechanics, without any of the knowledge, taste, and learning which are indispensable to the profession. The many tasteless and deformed buildings which everywhere meet the eye while going through the country bear undeniable proof of the truth of this allegation, while the chaste designs which are occasionally met with afford evidence that real talent, if encouraged, is not wanting in Ireland. The Institute is founded on the principle of the Royal Institute of British Architects, and it is intended to include among its members and associates all the qualified members of the profession in the country, as well as all the resident nobility, gentry, and other encouragers of the fine arts, and also, as honorary or corresponding members, the principal learned men of other countries. The objects of the Society are the advancement of civil architecture, and of all the other arts and sciences connected with it; the formation of a library and museum; the carrying on of a correspondence with learned men in all parts of the world; and, in fact, the raising of the profession to its legitimate state in the country. The secretary read a very flattering letter from Lord Fitzgerald and Vesey, consenting to become the President of their Society, and also from the Marquis of Normanby, and other noblemen and gentlemen, stating their warm feelings of co-operation with the objects of the Institute.—The following are the officers appointed for the ensuing year:—President, Lord Fitzgerald and Vesey; Vice-President, Richard Morrison, Esq.; Council, Wm. Murray, Frederick Darley, William Dean Butler, William Farrel, James Sheil, George Papworth and John T. Papworth, Esqrs.; Treasurer, Wm. Murray, Esq.



## AN ARTIST'S TOUR IN EGYPT.

BY W. MULLER, OF BRISTOL.

BIDDING adieu to Greece, I took my passage in the French boat for Alexandria; and finding I was suffering under a severe cold, accompanied by fever, induced by an excursion to the summit of Mount Hyettus, to obtain, for probably the last time, a view of the plains of Marathon, I declined joining our party, and rested in my berth for the remainder of the voyage (three days).

It was with a feeling of exceeding pleasure I heard the announcement of our arrival, found my fever had left me, and that, although weak, I was sufficiently strong to make preparations for landing. My earliest impression, as soon as I was enabled to direct my thoughts to any objects but the care of my luggage and the importunities of the donkey drivers with their "very gute donkey, sair," (the Alexandrians know so much of English), was, that of all the spots I had ever seen for the artist this would prove the most fertile for his pencil; but experience made me alter my opinion. The town has by no means a grand appearance from the sea, although the port is a very fine one. The vessels of war of the Pasha's, and the aspect of abundance of trade, give at first view an idea of an opulent if not an exceedingly rich place. This impression, however, is soon changed; the curious nature of the streets—the want of European comforts—of good glass in the windows—give to it an air of seclusion, which arises, not alone from the desire to prevent the intrusion of the rays of a hot sun into their houses, but to shut out the gaze of the spectator; for this reason they use a sort of richly worked wood, in various patterns, that enables the inmates to see, but not to be seen. The various costumes strike one with astonishment, and I at once agreed with a friend, whom I had by accident met in Greece, after his return from a long residence in the East, that Egypt was the place best calculated for the study of the figure, as suited to historical painting.

In gazing at these figures, which seem like humanity put into a kaleidoscope, such is its endless variety, I believe I should have lost my guide, baggage, and all, had I not been accosted by a desire to know if I did not want a servant; the individual who offered himself in this capacity being a thin tall young man. On his informing me that he could "speak English and Italian," which I found he understood well enough to answer the purpose of dragoman, I took him to the inn to which I had been recommended, and, on inquiry, finding his character to be good, I engaged him at eight crowns per month—Alec becoming to me what Friday was to Robinson—and I have much pleasure in acknowledging his good services. Being so far fortunate, I at once commenced, under his superintendence, to navigate my way through the bazaars, from thence to the Frank quarter, which may be considered as a very handsome wide street, with houses by no means inferior to some of those which adorn our metropolis, and strongly reminding me of them. I found, on a minute survey, that Alexandria was a town fast improving. Yet nothing can surpass in wretchedness the habitations of the fellahs, which here, as in all other parts of Egypt, are perfectly devoid of all sort of comforts, and it is to this cause that we must attribute the dreadful ravages the plague has made among them.

Of the number of females one meets with in the crowded streets, few retain anything like beauty after a very early age, and decrepitude and disease are too apparent not to be regarded with feelings of aversion and pity. During the time I remained, I of course commenced sketching some of the most strongly marked features; but this I found by no means easy of accomplishment, as the ill placed curiosity of the Arabs and Turks far surpassed the insolence of the Greeks, which I had so lately experienced. Being anxious to push on, I obtained my *tuscari*, or pass-port, and changed my money into the gold piastre, an ill-looking little coin, the edges of which had been cut too often to prove agreeable to the traveller. The Pasha has established a law by which all persons detected in so doing shall lose the nose and ears! this will produce a most salutary effect. I once more went to the said-to-be Pillar of Pompey, the shaft of which I must consider to be the finest piece of granite, excepting the obelisks at Luxor, I have ever seen; and after making a slight memorandum, I in the evening followed my camel with bag and baggage, and embarked on the canal which was dug by the suggestion of Mr Biggs, for the more easy conveyance of goods to the Nile; it is curious to be acquainted with the facts relative to the rapidity of its construction. The fellahs being collected, to the number of four hundred thousand, they were divided into companies, and commenced operations; but from the bad arrangements of those who had to superintend the working of these poor wretches, 25,000 perished in the accomplishment of the undertaking; but the canal was finished—forty one miles in length, and in the space of, I believe, two to three months.

Its banks furnish no objects for the artist. They are at times pretty, from the variety of the trees and foliage, but nothing more, and it was with pleasure that I landed at the village of Douchefurt, the terminus of the canal. Here are many things well worthy of filling the portfolio with, but I had little time. The first appearance of an Arab town or village is very odd. The mud walls of the little low houses are all, or nearly so, provided with large mud basins of from five to six feet in diameter. These and others of the form of a chimney at first much puzzled me as to what purposes they could be for;

and they strongly reminded one of some of the plain Norman forts. I found they were designed to place the children in, to protect them from snakes and other reptiles, scorpions they say amongst the number. The goats, camels, and figures, in various dresses from the most simple blue of the boatman to the richest of the Turk and Greek, the various objects of merchandise in the most picturesque confusion, furnished enough amusement to keep me well employed, and it was evening previous to the arrangements being completed for my again getting on board my Nile boat.

Once more I embarked, having completed all arrangements with the captain, a Turk of an indolent nature as any you may meet with. I agreed to give him 200 piasters for his cabin, to convey me to Cairo. Having seen all my things on board I closed my sketch-book, and in a few minutes was afloat on the surface of the broad Nile, with a beautiful new moon in the sky, and a twilight, the deep rich tone of which I shall long remember. The rest of our kandia was devoted to merchandise and any sort of passengers that could be procured; this being no difficult task, we had her crowded with Turks, Armenians, Bedouins, in short, all sorts, amounting to thirty or forty persons. This afforded a good opportunity for the use of the pencil, and having made one of them quite friendly (a Turk) by attending to his knee, in which he had been shot with a pistol ball, I had many applications to draw my worthy and kind companions. On the third day we arrived at Bourlak, Cairo being inland about three miles.

As this city has been so frequently the subject of description, and as it would occupy much space and time to do anything like justice to it, I must content myself with only mentioning the scenes which struck me as being the most curious. On leaving the boat the road passes through the town of Bourlak, and then we get into the main road to Cairo, which is a sandy broad way, with corn fields on each side, crowded with date and other trees, but in particular the rose, and I must say it has a very pleasing effect; in the distance the thousand mosques of the city are visible, indicated by the long delicate minarets rising out of the dense mass of buildings; but the mass of people astonish the most. The Turkish ladies, covered by the black mantilla, attended by numerous slaves, dressed in all the colours of the rainbow; then come in contrast the pipe-cleaner, the water-carrier, or some Egyptian female, showing but slight delicacy in hiding any part but the face. You now perhaps are forced to halt, for a perfect walking aqueduct of camels, who, with the large skins charged with water, stalk through the narrow streets, making all move as they pass. You get into some one of the many curious carved and painted doorways, and watch the scene with an interest which none can understand but those who have found themselves in a similar place. And now for a moment let us imagine the poor artist, with his feelings of enthusiasm properly kindled, in such a crowd, and anxious to sketch. Poor devil, I pity him! he longs for some photographic process to fix the scene before him; could he but sketch it, I would say woe to some of the *panct* pictures of Turks, Greeks, and oddities which annually adorn the walls of our academy. The streets, with the mosques and fountains, are highly picturesque, but it seemed to me that they possessed *great* *simplicity*; and one thing materially contributes to this: I allude to the curious way in which nearly all buildings are painted, with a red and white stripe of colour. This is anything but pleasing. The best parts of Cairo I take to be the suburbs, which afford much variety, in particular the tombs of the Caliphs, of Saracenic architecture. Here, in the evening, one finds a pleasing place to wander in; particularly at twilight the masses are very fine against the sky; and at times these tombs afford some strange groups, being inhabited by the lower class of people, in a similar manner to those at Gornio, only with this difference, that at the latter they mix with the mummies, and even seem to have a sort of friendship for the same. On visiting one of these tombs in the mountains, I could not avoid smiling to find that the cases of the mummies had become articles of furniture—children sleeping in them, and the outer case serving as a table.

The slave market was one of my most favourite haunts, although no figure painter. One enters this building, which is situated in a quarter the most dark, dirty, and obscure of any at Cairo, by a sort of lane—then one arrives at some large gates. The market is held in an open court, surrounded with arches of the Roman character. In the centre of this court the slaves are exposed for sale, and in general to the number of from thirty to forty—nearly all young, many quite infants. The scene is of a revolting nature, yet I did not see, as I expected, the dejection and sorrow I was led to imagine. The more beautiful of the females I found were confined in a chamber over the court. They are in general Abyssinians and Circassians. When any one desired to purchase I not unfrequently saw the master remove the entire covering of the female, a thick woollen cloth, and expose her to the gaze of the bystanders. Many of these girls are exceedingly beautiful, small features, well formed, with an eye that bespeaks the warmth of passion they possess. The negroes, on the contrary, have little to please. They disgust, for their hair is loaded with two or three pounds of a sort of tallow fat, literally in thick masses; and as this is influenced by the heat of the sun, it gradually melts over the body, and the stench from it is disgusting in the extreme, yet in this place did I feel more delight than any other part of Cairo; the groups and

the extraordinary costume can but please the artist. You meet in this place all nations. When I was sketching, which I did on many occasions, the masters of the slaves could in no manner understand my occupation, but were continually giving the servant the price of the different slaves, to desire me to write the same down, thinking I was about to become a large buyer.

I only wish some artist would make this the spot of his studies, and paint the figures and groups. In most of the productions I have seen of this class of pictures, there is that want of individual character which stamps the production with truth—gives variety to the expressions; the clothes or costume look very fine, but not as if they had ever been worn. In fact, these pictures in general want the accident of nature.

The bazaars used to furnish me with a continual occupation. The effects of these picturesque places strongly reminded me of the compositions of Rembrandt; and I find, on showing my sketches, many of which I made highly finished, the same observation frequently used, I know in these spots much can be done, not but that I give preference to some of those I met with higher up the Nile, in particular at Siout. In the vicinity of this town also there is much to interest, and which occasioned me plenty of exercise.

The interiors of the mosques are interesting, but these have been, until quite of late, a closed sanctum, and continue in many instances to be so. El Ashur, or the Mosque of Flowers, would, if sketched, be a most beautiful subject. The interior is of a rich and splendid construction; the pulpit of stone and light carving, is most elegant. In this way, visiting one object after another, I continued at Cairo some time, finding each day fresh wonders, and I believe to the present moment I could have done so, but I began to look forward to those of ancient Egypt, which to me would possess much more interest; so having made an arrangement to hire a small boat and crew, amounting in all to eight, I commenced the ascent of the Nile on a most splendid morning in November, and in a few hours my dragoman gave me the pleasing intelligence, to use his own words, that "the morning, I ketchey the pyramids." As yet I had only seen them from the citadel, and a magnificent view it was. The desert forms the horizon, in which the pyramids are the only objects visible. These, as I found on my return, when I visited them, are built on a rock, which adds a height of at least sixty feet, and I know it is the opinion of many that they are only covered with the large stones; this I shall not attempt to confute, although I think differently from the investigation of the interior. On my approach the size disappointed me; and when close to them the same feeling existed. This arises perhaps from the peculiar perspective and pyramidal form it assumes when viewed from its base. But this erroneous impression is soon corrected by an attempt to ascend; and although the difficulty, as well as the design of the task has been commented on by many travellers, I must say, to persons of moderate height there can be none, the steps being in almost all instances perfect, only deep (if I think four feet) this constitutes the only hazard. On arriving at the summit a grand line of distance is, of course, presented to the eye. The Nile forms, as usual, the most interesting feature.

The sphinx gave me perhaps the most pleasure. Situated at the base of the first pyramid, and at sunset it formed one of the grandest compositions I have ever seen; much of this feeling is due to the odd expression of the head—it is of a smiling melancholy—that so beautifully harmonises with the rest of the scene and solitude by which one is surrounded. But how strange does the destiny of objects change; so has that of some of the antiquities of Egypt, as I can in a moment prove. The coffins become articles of furniture, the very mummies objects of traffic, and each portion has its price, or else is burnt to boil the tea-bottle of some English traveller; the bitumen is sold to make a paint; the temples are used as cow-houses, or the abodes of the poorest outcasts; the tombs as houses; but what will the reader say when told of a pyramid converted into an inn or public-house! the tomb of a king, or the sacred temple of a god, changed with the change of years to a spot where the thirst of the traveller may be allayed by purchasing bottled porter or ginger pop, or with the same case, cigars.

Another atrocity—when I thought I had removed far away from all associations with my native country, and was allowing my mind to be absorbed by the pleasing thoughts that arise from visiting a place of such celebrity, I wandered towards the entrance of the large pyramid, the Cheops—where, on casting my eyes up—it could be no dream, for there it was, in letters of a foot long, printed, and well printed, the name of "Pickwick!"

I now proceeded rapidly, at times staying only to visit some of the more curious tombs and remains with which each spot abounds; it is tedious, to an extent one can form little conception of, to be shut up in a small boat, with not enough room to stand upright—9 feet long and in its widest, 6—with little to do but shoot from its windows at crocodiles, pelicans, and other birds, in particular vultures; of these, being particularly fond of objects of Natural History, I made a tolerably numerous collection. The crocodiles furnish fine sport, and are by no means scarce, I have frequently seen as many as five and twenty in a day, of all sizes, from 3 and 4 feet long to 20. On shore the sportsman may find other shooting, the pigeons furnish him at any time food—and should he be desirous of higher sport, he will find

jackals, hyenas, and many other objects worthy of his powder and ball; he has only to seek them in the tombs, these being their favourite retreats. Shooting, sketching, and smoking, at the expiration of twenty days I found I had arrived at Dandara; and on the opposite side to that on which the ruins stand were encamped a considerable number of Turks, Algerines, and all sorts, amongst which motley group I found numerous young ladies, who indulged this religious assembly (for so it proved to be, on a pilgrimage to Mecca) with the dances peculiar to women of the Nile; many may have been termed very fine women, but they lose all sight of propriety, and as the dancing continues, it partakes so strongly of the lascivious nature as to be disgusting, but throughout the women of the Alma are in much request. Early in the morning I crossed, and taking with me some of my men I proceeded to pass the plain, an extent of some two or three miles, previous to arriving at the temple. This, as you approach, has by no means a good or grand effect; but on nearer examination it is a ruin of the most extraordinary character, and the large hall, with its pillars of gigantic proportions, the capitals of which are formed by the faces of Isis. This hall should be seen, properly to appreciate it, by firelight; it is then when these figures are half lost in shadow, that the red light of the fire touching, with a sort of incantancy, the various figures with which every wall is adorned, adds so much to the mystery of the spot, that one sits with a sort of pleasing fear, and indulges in many of the wild speculations of fancy; these sensations are increased by the wild figures with which you are surrounded, for notwithstanding the place has been deserted by the Arabs who built their mud houses over the temple, there are some still who remain with the hope of picking up a few piazas by the sale of beads or any of the little objects of curiosity; he seeks the traveller, waiting not for invitation—sits by his fire, produces his relics, and if you buy, he picks up his long spear, a weapon of terrific appearance, and walks off, returning to some hole or tomb like any animal. There is much that is very curious in this sort of life, and I was most anxious to find some of these people and be initiated into their abodes; I succeeded, on my arrival at Gornou, where I arrived after sketching several views, and some minute ones, of these ruins.

Gornou is situated on the right hand side of the river, and may be deemed the first part of Thebes. To attempt giving anything like a description of the masses of temples, sphinxes, and columns by which I found myself surrounded would be quite out of my power. The great temple of the Memnonium, however, pleased me more than any other, and on one occasion I saw it under an effect which rendered its grandeur doubly so—that of a storm of thunder and lightning—when from the depth of the gloom which surrounded all objects, on all sides the lightning lit up the immense statues which are as pilasters to the building. They came for a second visible and then vanished; they came like spirits of the desert; but this impression, if one had indulged it, soon departed, for in another second another flash showed the columns and the long avenue which leads to the tombs of the kings, producing a superb effect; but in none of these displays of nature's beauties joined to the works, and the finest works of man, could I realize any of those prints and pictures, with endless rows of pillars and skies of flames, with moons and stars, and God knows what else, which Mr Martin and his school are pleased to indulge in, and others to praise as imagination of the highest order; in none of these, although they are subjects of Egypt, do I find anything of the grandeur or beauty which one single temple must give to the spectator under such effects. In all such compositions, or nearly all, there is a want of that truth to nature which should be the charm of all painting, a want of what I have before mentioned—the accident of nature. The valley of the kings, or rather I should term it the tombs of the kings, pleased me in particular; there is in its sun-burnt rocks a spell which bound me to it, and I resolved to work well it. On leaving Gornou and its temple, you proceed, for some miles, towards the mountains, which are of a very curious form, and in all parts excavated. After passing along the bed of a torrent, dried up in the summer months, we arrive at a sort of road which seems to lead to the mountain; this you continue, and the rocks on each side rise to the height of several hundred feet, and every moment becomes more wild and rugged in the outline; large masses of stone almost stop up the camel path; not a single spot of green; no bush or even blade of grass; all nature seems dead, and the only object that may at times pass might be some vulture winging its way across the valley, making one feel more solitary than before by its temporary presence. Such solitude as this place possesses few know but those who have been exposed to wild scenery, and that should be in the East, and in the desert. You at last arrive at various openings in the rock, and these are the tombs, the tombs of kings! Many of them, from their vast extent and splendid sculpture of the hieroglyphics, would furnish amusement and instruction for a considerable space of time, but my labours were merely confined to the latest discovered (Beloni's), and this, from reasons which I shall try to explain, possesses an interest much superior to any of the others. After having gone through many chambers, all more or less adorned with hieroglyphics of great beauty and finish, we arrive at one filled with most elaborate historical paintings. Many of these subjects are most interesting, as on the laws, manners, and implements of the an-

cient Egyptians, they throw much light, and strike us with the similarity of those at the present day in use with the moderns, in particular the musical instruments. On leaving this room you enter another; here we see the objects all drawn, and with an outline of such a firm and masterly character, possessing so much grace and elegance in the touch, that I stood with perfect delight contemplating these drawings as perfect specimens; on a more minute inspection you find that the artist used a thin sort of fluid paint of a red colour (perhaps an oxide of iron); with this then he sketched the subject to be painted, giving in the subjects the destined places; after having completed this, he took a black brush, going over his former line, giving fullness, and correcting any mistakes, and this accounts for your at times tracing the hieroglyphic in the red, two or three inches removed from where it is placed in the black. The chamber remains in this unfinished state, the work having proceeded no further; and from this circumstance I delighted in contemplating it—it seemed from its freshness to have been but the work of yesterday, and I could with ease imagine that the artist had just left it, and you could almost anticipate his return for the completion. Thousands of years have passed since he did leave it; yet here it remains as vivid and as sharp as on the last application of his hand to the production of its forms; and here it will continue, should not the folly of travellers, in their anxiety to have a bit (the common expression used by these pilfering gentry) mutilate and destroy the figures; and it is my firm belief that, notwithstanding the poor Arabs could by so doing make it the means of pecuniary assistance to sell to these gentlemen, yet in the course of a year do they not do as much mischief as one collector in a few hours; for, independent of this mania, he has another—to scribble his name in every spot he visits—scratch it with his knife—one who sought such a method to obtain celebrity, has figured in almost every spot. He takes with him paint, and without the slightest regard to the object or situation he so defiles, he writes his name in large letters—and there it stood, placed by the foolish hand of the possessor on the beautiful white marble of the Parthenon,—John Bell of Dublin, 1833, &c. &c. Pope's lines on this subject ought to be presented to this gentleman.

On leaving the room of outline you come to one in a state of preparation, the walls of which would have presented the surface polished and prepared for the drawing—just as they proceeded from the first process to the completion; but this is not the case, for it has been smoked with the tresses, and so suffered from the writing propensities of which I have just complained that it presents nothing but one mass of unmeaning letters and dates.

Luxor, which is on the left-hand side of the Nile as you ascend, forms, from the water, a grand subject; its temple and obelisk in its solitary loneliness, (thanks to the French who removed the companion to Paris,) the gigantic mutilated sphinxes on each side of the entrance, forms a number of objects in which the artist finds full occupation; but to see Luxor in its full glory, in the same manner as our poet, Sir Walter Scott, has written of Melrose, "visit it by the pale moonlight;" and it was in an excursion, or rather one of my idling moods, when wrapt in my capote, I strolled through its deserted ruins, and had much pleasure in noticing how beautifully the colouring of the temple tolled (to use an artistic expression) by the light of the moon; by this I mean the introduction of the various colours with which the Egyptians decorated the external part of their public buildings, making it harmonize with the rest of the scene.

The Greeks, who may be said to have received their first impressions from the Egyptians, knew well the advantage of colours introduced with judicious arrangement into the various parts of the public architecture; and whilst I remained in Athens, where I had every advantage and facility afforded me, from a gentleman whose high talents and acute observation will make him take a station amongst our first-rate men—a station to which his genius and kindly manners fully entitle him to.—It was through his means that my attention was drawn to the still existing fragments of colour remaining on the Metopæ of the Parthenon, and ceiling of the Erechthum.

These colours I found on minute examination to be Blue, White, Red, Yellow, and I think Green, but this last may have been from the state of decomposition of the Blue. Now I was anxious to make some observations whether the Egyptians kept to any arrangements, similar to what I imagined I had discovered in Greece, but on consulting my notes, I am sorry to say that they had been so much injured by travel and accident that they proved of no use.

The Greeks introduced the colour of a more pure nature; this I at once decided, having in my possession some few fragments which I had procured whilst at Athens for the purpose of having analyzed on my return to England. On placing the one blue close to the other, I found that of the Egyptian to be similar to smalt, whilst the Greek colour had in it a purity like the Ultramarine.

As it is my intention some day to enter more fully into this subject, and from a large mass of material I happily brought home with me, I think some curious results may be procured—in particular relative to the use of gilding, &c. This existed, as may be seen quite plainly, both at Karnak and Philæ. The same effect has been attempted in some

modern rooms in the Vatican, which are devoted to Egyptian antiquities, but it is a failure; from too much daylight being admitted, and the Blue being of a bad turn—the curator told me smalt.

Chambers or halls so arranged, should be seen by torch or candle light; it is then that the colours, gold, and ornaments blend into one harmonious whole; this I many years back saw fully borne out by an interior of a church in Italy, which by day had nothing but gaudy paint and gold to recommend it—but at night visit the same, and from its change it would be no longer deemed so.

And now with regard to Sketching in Egypt—there is enough of all classes of subjects to please most tastes—even the landscape painter finds a variety in the valleys—in the Doonee or Theban palm-trees, with the continual date, but to the historical painter it is indeed a country rich in subject, which, if he will have patience and perseverance to brave the heat and work hard, I feel confident much can be done that will tend to astonish those who spend their days and months in the pleasing occupation of making a sort of fancy-work painting—men who dress up lay figures in new finery, and think to produce pictures of Turks, Bedouins &c. &c. Those things cannot be done—let them light their stoves with the lay figures, and study nature for the picture.

### THE SECRET OF M. DAGUERRE.

OUR readers are aware that France has purchased the secret of M. Daguerre. It was obvious that no patent could secure to that gentleman any recompence for his ingenuity; the nation, therefore, settled a pension upon him, and another upon the son of the original inventor of the Daguerrotype, and has given the secret to the world. The most intense curiosity existed in Paris to ascertain the mode by which M. Daguerre obtained his wonderful results; and the Academy of Sciences (in which the statement was made) was crowded to excess, for the purpose of hearing the explanations of M. Arago, to whom M. Daguerre had delegated the task of divulging his important secret. The following is an analysis of the description given by M. Arago:—

"The influence of light upon colours was known long ago. It had been observed that substances exposed to its action were affected by it; but beyond this fact nothing was known until 1556, when a peculiar ore of silver was discovered, to which was given the name of *argent corné*, and which had the property of becoming black when exposed to the light. Photographic science remained at this point until it was discovered that this *argent corné* (chloruret of silver) did not become black under all the rays of light. It was remarked that the red ray scarcely effected any change, whilst the violet ray was that which produced the greatest influence. M. J. Baptiste Porta then invented the camera obscura, and numerous efforts were made to fix the pretty miniature objects which were seen upon the table of it, and the transitory appearance of which was a subject of general regret. All these efforts were fruitless up to the time of the invention of M. Niepce, which preceded that of M. Daguerre, and led to the extraordinary result that the latter gentlemen has obtained. M. Niepce, after a host of attempts, employed sheets of silver, which he covered with bitumen (*bitume de Judée*), dissolved in oil of lavender, the whole being covered with a varnish. On heating these sheets the oil disappeared, and there remained a whitish powder adhering to the sheet. This sheet, thus prepared, was placed in the camera obscura, but when withdrawn the objects were hardly visible upon it. M. Niepce then resorted to new means for rendering the objects more distinct. For this purpose he put his sheets, when removed from the camera obscura, into a mixture of oil of lavender and oil of petroleum. How M. Niepce arrived at this discovery was not explained to us; it is sufficient to state that, after this operation, the objects became as visible as those of ordinary engravings, and it only remained to wash the sheet with distilled water to make the drawings permanent. But as the *bitume de Judée* is rather ash-coloured than white, M. Niepce had to discover the means of increasing the shadows by more deeply blackening the lines (*hachures*.) For this purpose he employed a new mixture of sulphuret of potassium and iodine. But he (M. Niepce) did not succeed



as he expected to do, for the iodine spread itself over the whole surface, and rendered the objects more confused. The great inconvenience, however, of the process was the little sensitiveness of the coating (*enduit*), for it sometimes required three days for the light to produce sufficient effect. It will easily be conceived, therefore, that this means was not applicable to the camera obscura, upon which it is essential that the object should be instantaneously fixed, since the relative positions of the sun and earth being changed, the objects formed by it were destroyed. M. Niepce was therefore without hope of doing more than multiplying engravings, in which the objects, being stationary, are not affected by the different relative positions of the sun. M. Daguerre was devoting himself to the same pursuit as M. Niepce when he associated himself with that gentleman, and brought to the discovery an important improvement. The coating employed by M. Niepce had been laid on by means of a tampon, or dabber, similar to the process used in printing, and consequently the coating was neither of a regular thickness nor perfectly white. M. Daguerre conceived the idea of using the residuum which is obtained from lavender by distilling it; and, to render it liquid and applicable with more regularity, he dissolved it in ether. Thus a more uniform and whiter covering was obtained, but the object, notwithstanding, was not visible at once—it was necessary to place it over a vase containing some kind of essential oil, and then the objects stood forth. This was not all M. Daguerre aimed at. The tints were not deep enough, and this composition was not more sensitive than that of M. Niepce. Three days were still necessary to obtain designs. We now come to the great discovery in the process for which M. Daguerre has received a national reward. It is to the following effect:—A copper sheet, plated with silver, well cleaned with diluted nitric acid, is exposed to the vapour of iodine, which forms the first coating, which is very thin, as it does not exceed the millionth part of a metre in thickness. There are certain indispensable precautions necessary to render this coating uniform, the chief of which is the using of a rim of metal round the sheet. The sheet, thus prepared, is placed in the camera obscura, where it is allowed to remain from eight to ten minutes. It is then taken out, but the most experienced eye can detect no trace of the drawing. The sheet is now exposed to the vapour of mercury, and when it has been heated to a temperature of 60 degrees of Reaumur, or 167 Fahrenheit, the drawings come forth as if by enchantment. One singular and hitherto inexplicable fact in this process is, that the sheet, when exposed to the action of the vapour, must be inclined, for if it were placed in a direct position over the vapour the results would be far less satisfactory. The angle used is 48 degrees. The last part of the process is to place the sheet in the hyposulphate of soda, and then to wash it in a large quantity of distilled water.

#### PUBLISHERS' QUARRELS.

THESE are matters with which we shall seldom have to concern ourselves or trouble our readers. Publishers—of prints or of books—are proverbial for jealousy; and of their “squabbles” many amusing anecdotes are told—*vide* Mr D'Israeli. But, in general, when

“The blast of war blows in our ears,” the world regards the sound rather as the squeak of a penny trumpet than the awful summons to a battle in which it must take part with one or other of the contending parties.

Sometimes, however, we may be called upon, as correctors of public abuses and directors of public judgment, to charge a jury upon a case it is compelled to hear, and upon which consequently it is bound to deliver a verdict. Such a one is, we think, before us. It appears that within the last year the print publishers have been smitten with sudden admiration of his Grace the Duke of Wellington;—the great captain of the age, the chiefest pride of our country, the great glory of Great Britain. This

present passion has given rise to various disputes. For example, Messrs Ackermann (a firm always distinguished for honourable dealing) published a few weeks ago a print representing a rumoured interview between “the Duke” and Lord Nelson,—not the less interesting because somewhat apocryphal—and Mr Moon has issued his announcement of a print commemorative of the same event. Messrs Ackermann's title is

“THE ARMY AND NAVY;  
representing the only interview between those great Commanders,  
WELLINGTON AND NELSON.”

Mr Moon's title is to be

“THE UNITED SERVICE;  
representing the only interview of the Heroes,  
NELSON AND WELLINGTON.”

Messrs Ackermann's artist is Mr Knight; Mr Moon's is Mr Salter. While thinking over this matter, and marvelling by what lucky or unlucky accident the two subjects could have been thought upon by two persons so long after the two “Heroes” became famous, we were startled by a printed circular sent forth by Mr Moon; and our eye chanced to fall upon the following passage:—

“The high honour of the valuable and exclusive privilege granted by his Grace the Duke of Wellington to Mr Salter, has not prevented certain unscrupulous individuals from pirating the subject originally conceived by that gentleman, even while it is yet in his study—a proceeding hitherto held by artists, who have any sense of justice and good faith, to be most dishonourable. No excuse can fairly be admitted for receiving and executing a commission from any publisher to do a thing so unusual and so unworthy. The very title, so far as these persons have dared to copy it, has been adopted, in order to deceive the public.”

This fact, coupled with the circumstances of the very glaring attempt at piracy which is now in the course of being carried into effect, to the serious injury of the original painter and his publisher, have obliged me, my Lord, in self-defence, &c.”

Now, having been familiar with the fact that Mr Knight's “The Army and Navy” had been published, and that Mr Salter's “The United Service” was announced as “in preparation,” we at once supposed that the charge of wanting “a sense of justice and good faith” was advanced against Mr Knight, and that the accusation of “a very glaring attempt at piracy” was made against the highly respected and long established firm of Ackermann and Co. The question, therefore, with us turned upon the fact as to who first thought of this alleged interview between “Wellington and Nelson,”—a print commemorative of which Messrs Ackermann have published and Mr Moon is about to publish; and we arrived at the conclusion, to which we still adhere, that the real pirate, and not the true “Simon Pure,” was Mr F. G. Moon, of Threadneedle street. It is an old trick—one the policy of which Dr Primrose recommends—to begin scolding a person from whom you expect a scolding; and accordingly we thought that Mr Moon, being conscious that he had taken a subject unjustifiably and unfairly from Mr Ackermann, was shrewd enough to exclaim loudly against the wrong he had himself sustained at the hands of these gentlemen in publishing their “Wellington and Nelson,” when Mr Salter was doing the episode for him. “The greatest rogue always cries rogue first.”

But on looking further we found that *this* matter was not the matter; that Mr Moon complains, not of his own wrong-doing, nor of the wrong-doing of Messrs Ackermann, but of the wrong-doing of a third party. Mr Salter is, it seems, painting another subject for Mr Moon, and another commemorative of the career of Wellington. It is to be called “The Waterloo Banquet,” and introduces the guests of the Duke at his dinner table. It seems also that Messrs Hodgson and Graves have in hand a subject somewhat similar (we noticed it last month), in which the guests are assembled in the drawing-room, *previous* to the dinner, which Mr Knight is painting. It is to this that Mr Moon's circular refers, and not to “The Army and Navy” of Messrs Ackermann.

No wonder, therefore, that we should have mistaken the object of Mr Moon's attack—a more

groundless and unjustifiable one has never been made. The subjects no more interfere with one another—so as for one injuriously to affect the other—than the “Hawking in the Olden Time” does with “Bolton Abbey in the Olden Time”; and clearly not half so much as the two prints which describe the meeting of Wellington and Nelson; neither are the titles at all similar. The one is called “The Waterloo Banquet,” and represents the guests at or after the feast; the other is named “The Waterloo Heroes,” and introduces the visitors to the drawing-room prior to the dinner.

Mr Moon, therefore, cannot justify his very gross attack upon an artist of high reputation, unassuming manners, and irreproachable character; representing him as an “unscrupulous individual” who would “do a thing so unusual and so unworthy” as to “assist a proceeding, hitherto held by artists who have any sense of justice and good faith to be most dishonourable.” We cannot tell if Mr Knight has commenced an action for libel against Mr Moon, but that a libel has been perpetrated there cannot be a doubt.

For ourselves, as fervent admirers of the Duke of Wellington, and proud of our country's glory, we rejoice that the annual banquet which commemorates the victory of Waterloo is to be celebrated in more than one of its interesting features, and by more than one British artist. We hope the event will not be limited to two, but that skill and genius will find in it other favourable topics for the pencil.

We have felt ourselves bound to comment in strong terms on the conduct of Mr Moon in his most unwarrantable insult to Mr Knight; it is neither our interest nor inclination to quarrel with the publishers, but we shall loudly and strongly raise our voice against any unfair attacks upon the artists—to which they have not the facilities for replying, and to which they may be unwilling to reply. Every one who knows Mr Knight knows he is incapable of acting dishonourably. Those who live in houses of glass should be careful how they throw stones. Mr Moon is now bound to account for the circumstances under which he was induced to announce “The United Service” after Messrs Ackermann had published “The Army and Navy”; and still more is Mr Moon bound to explain the following advertisement, which he has largely circulated during the past fortnight:—

“Arthur Duke of Wellington, in the undress of Field Marshal, as worn by him in action. The last Portrait, painted by W. Simpson, Esq., engraved by B. P. Gibbon, in commemoration of the great Banquet given to his Grace by the inhabitants of the Cinque Ports, at Dover, on the 30th of August, 1839. Price to subscribers:—Prints, 12s.; proofs, 14. 1s.; proofs before letters, 14. 11s. 6d. To ensure good impressions early, applications should be made to her Majesty's publisher, Mr Moon, Threadneedle street, London.”

The public may not be aware that this “LAST PORTRAIT,” painted by W. Simpson, Esq., engraved by B. P. Gibbon, in commemoration of the great banquet given to his Grace by the inhabitants of the Cinque Ports at Dover, on the 30th of August 1839, was in the hands of the said Mr B. P. Gibbon a full year before the great banquet was thought of; and that it has as little to do with “commemorating” that event as it has with the dinner to Mr Macready. The public may also be ignorant of the fact that Mr Boys has announced for speedy publication a print from a picture by Mr Lucas, painted for the Trinity House, in which his Grace is represented in his dress as “Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports,”—and that, of course, *this* will be the portrait in “commemorating” the great banquet at Dover. It was, we have no doubt, painted since his Grace sat to Mr Simpson; but we presume that Mr Moon means by the “last portrait,”—not the last portrait for which the Duke sat, but the last which Mr Simpson painted of him; for this gentleman did paint another some years ago, and that “other” is as like the “last” as twin cherries growing on one stalk.

Again we say, “Those who have houses of glass should be careful how they throw stones.”

## THE EASTERN INSTITUTION.

THIS is the first attempt to produce an Exhibition of Works of Art in "The City." Our country readers may not be aware that London is divided into two grand parts—the East and the West. It is usually considered that the dwellers in the east are so absorbed in trade and commerce, and in "putting money into their purses," as to have neither leisure nor inclination to pursue or encourage higher pursuits; and that consequently pictures, and such "stock," which yield no interest except enjoyment, and rarely allow of profit on the original cost, are to be found only among the more refined denizens of the west. Such may have been the case a few years ago; but now-a-days the houses of our wealthy tradesmen and merchants are filled with intellectual luxuries, and the productions of the artist have been neither neglected nor forgotten.

We hail with a very cordial welcome the establishment of "a Society" having for its primary object the introduction of works of art among those who are rapidly acquiring a taste for them; and we understand the results of the effort are such as to justify a very confident hope that at no distant period the mercantile half of the metropolis will number as many "patrons" as are to be found in its more aristocratic district. The Eastern Institution is situated in the Commercial road, about nine miles from Hyde Park corner; and we shall not be accused of affectation if we state, that we were, previous to our visit, as ignorant of its locality as if we had travelled in search of it to Kamscatka. Omnibus are, however, plentiful enough; and we were rapidly driven through the unclassical region of Whitechapel, and set down at the entrance to a very elegant building, the great room of which is hung round with pictures, exclusively by British artists. The Exhibition consists of 552 works of art; a large proportion of them may have been seen elsewhere, but the selection has been judiciously made. Many distinguished painters are among the contributors; and, as a whole, it is unquestionably worthy of the age and country, and deserves the admiration and encouragement of the citizens, for whose enjoyment it is more especially designed.

F. Y. HURLSTONE contributes one of his earlier works—'Girls of the Albruzzi Mountains'; R. R. McLAN, his excellent and striking picture of 'Mark, King of Cornwall, discovering Queen Ysande and Sir Tristram sleeping in the cave,' and 'The Rescue of a Moss Trooper from Carlisle Castle.' Mrs McLAN is also a valuable contributor; her painting of 'The Escape of Alister Macdonald' possesses very high merit; she selects her subjects with judgment, and manages to render them interesting in character, as well as able in execution: we have no doubt, therefore, of their finding favour in the sight of the worthy citizens, or of their occupying honoured stations in houses where taste and talent are both appreciated. A. PRIEST has a clever landscape—a scene in his native Norfolk; W. LINTON has sent his great and gorgeous painting, 'The Ruins of Ancient Tyre'; W. BEWICK is an extensive contributor of fancy portraits; A. CLINT, of several admirable pictures of coast scenery; the Misses CORBAUX, of some clever drawings; R. W. BUSS has sent his picture of 'Master out; or the disappointed Dinner-hunter'; and his great work, 'Christmas in the Reign of Queen Elizabeth'; J. ZEITLER and H. PIDDING have both here some of their clever sketches of English character; E. LATILLA has covered the wall to the left with his acre of canvases representing 'The Seven Bishops'; and the wall to the right with a mass of equally huge proportions, entitled, 'An Allegorical Picture of her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen.' H. WILSON, sen., and J. WILSON, jun., have sent their valuable aid. Among the other landscape painters we find T. C. HOFLAND, J. STARR, and J. TENNANT—artists, whom one may be tempted to meet anywhere;—and the less known names of C. STEEDMAN, R. MORRIS,

H. JUTSUM, E. DUNCAN, and L. J. WOOD. 'A River Scene, from a Sketch by the late J. Constable,' by R. MORRIS, is of very considerable merit; and two or three small and unobtrusive bits of paintings in water colours, by L. J. WOOD, give promise of fame hereafter. J. WOOD has sent his admirable portrait of the venerable Stothard, and his clever picture of 'The Orphans.' H. MAC MANUS contributes an exquisite work—'Cathleen O'More'—illustrating a passage in the sweet Irish ballad—

"She sat at her door one cold afternoon,  
To hear the wind whistle and gaze at the moon."

This is, undoubtedly, one of the best works in the exhibition; it argued well for the taste of the "east end" to find it marked "sold." The original sketch for 'The Death of Nelson,' by S. DRUMMOND, A. R. A., is here; it possesses considerable merit, and affords proof that in his younger days, at least, his claims to eminence might have been readily acknowledged. A small picture, but of a very striking character, and displaying originality in conception, and vigour in execution, by A. W. ELMORE, 'Christ before Pontius Pilate,' cannot fail to attract general attention; and we have rarely seen a sea fight so brilliantly and effectively pictured as it has been by W. J. HUGGINS, in a series representing 'Trafalgar,' 'The Commencement of the Action'—'The Close of the Action'—and 'The Gale after the Action.' If they do not get into the possession of some rich "sea captain," we shall marvel greatly. We had no idea that Mr Huggins could paint with so much skill and power, our knowledge of his works having been previously derived exclusively from the tinted prints of shipping he has issued in great, and we imagine, careless abundance. His talents are undoubtedly of a high order. J. H. NIXON has supplied a clever and interesting work, 'The Queen's Visit to Guildhall'; and H. J. BODDINGTON, an excellent sketch, 'Landscape and Figures.' V. BARTHOLOMEW, unrivalled as a flower painter, contributes several capital drawings; and W. ESSEX, whose enamels are of the rarest excellence, a beautiful copy of Hilton's 'Cupid disarmed by a Nymph.' A work of very great merit is from the pencil of Miss E. SETCHELL—'A Scene from the Taming of the Shrew'; it is skillfully composed, and painted with a degree of delicacy and vigour highly creditable to the fair artist. C. H. WEIGALL has also a sweet cabinet picture; C. MOORE, several good works; WAGEMAN, a couple of clever portraits; LANCE, some brilliant examples in his peculiar style; W. FOWLER, three landscapes of very considerable merit; and E. CORBOULD, a number of highly meritorious works. In the large room there are several works of sculpture: among them are two noble statues by P. PARK, and one, 'Innocence,' by T. H. FOLEY, a sculptor who bids fair to attain the foremost rank in his arduous and honourable profession.

We have, perhaps, said enough to satisfy our readers, that for a visit to the Eastern Institution, even though they may dwell at the opposite end of London, they will be amply repaid. The collector, of course, contains many works of an inferior quality; but fewer, perhaps, than we find in the more prominent of the provincial exhibitions. As a first attempt, it is highly satisfactory. We have no doubt that to the exertions of the Honorary Secretary, J. S. RIXON, Esq., the Institution and the profession are greatly indebted for the successful issue of the experiment; and we both hope and anticipate that in another year it will receive additional support, and possess more undoubted excellence. The members have, we understand, formed an Art-Union, with a view to purchase from the collection, the list of 100 subscribers being already nearly filled up. Indeed, all the arrangements seem to have been made in a manner that cannot fail to be highly satisfactory to the artists, and very advantageous to the public.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

## THE WORK OF M. MERIMEE.

## TO THE EDITOR OF 'THE ART-UNION.'

SIR,—You will oblige a well-wisher to your very useful publication, and the cause it is intended to advocate and instruct, by giving place to the following observations on a work which has lately come under my notice, entitled 'The Art of Painting in Oil, &c., by M. Mérimée.' Residing at a distance from the metropolis, and having been some time removed from all communication with artists, I know little of what has been doing in Art, except through the medium of the periodical press. From the terms of encomium in which you mentioned the work in your third number, and the high sanction under which it was ushered into the artistic world, I was led to anticipate a work of very superior character, and accordingly (after a little hesitation I must confess) was induced to order a copy. It may appear presumption in a humble individual like myself to express my dissent from the opinion of men so distinguished as those whose names are brought forward in approbation of the book in question—nevertheless, after an attentive examination of its contents, I must say that I have been grievously disappointed. We are in possession of excellent treatises on Art—those for instance by Ibbetson, on the *matériel* and practice of painting; of Burnet, on the theory of *chiaroscuro* and colour; and of Hayter, on the principles of the chromatic diagram—which render the publication of one like the present (as addressed to artists) by no means so imperative as is assumed. It may, for aught I know, be of service to picture-cleaners and restorers, (?) some of whom need but little instruction in the art of spoiling a good picture, or doctoring a bad one; and likewise to the colourmen, although the latter must be gifted with a singular felicity of apprehension to derive much benefit from the recipes therein contained, couched, as they are, in language so obscure, given in directions so intricate and involved, and displaying such ignorance of chemistry as to me seems quite astounding. These strictures may sound harsh, but I am prepared to justify them by selecting those passages which have more particularly struck my attention, to which I will subjoin my comments. Before entering, however, into details, I will object, *in limine*, to the author's theory, that Van Eyck and the earlier painters mixed varnish with the vehicle they employed, since it appears much more consonant to reason, that in the commencement of an art, the process carried on would be less complicated, and that as it progressed new discoveries would be made, and thence might result an incorporation of the resinous substances with the originally simple vehicle of oil. Nor do the arguments he adduces from examination of these ancient pictures seem to me so decisive in support of his theory as he flatters himself they are. At page 14 we find "that the colour of those pictures which belong to the first epoch of oil-painting mostly of a harder body than those of a later date, that they resist solvents much better," &c. Why, any one who has been engaged in painting for any length of time, must be well aware that the picture he finished yesterday has not the solidity of one that left the easel a year before; and if twelve months can cause such a difference, what may we not expect from the effects of a century? or two, or three—or it may be more? So far as a few years can enable one to judge, I can state that twelve years ago, before I used megilp or other gummies, I copied a picture by Ruysdael, the sky in which I painted purely with nut-oil alone, and although it has since been smeared over with three or four coats of varnish of various sorts, I cannot detect any symptom of cracking in any part of its surface, neither can I perceive any change in the colouring, except such as may be accounted for by the layers of varnish aforesaid, while others but recently painted, in which I used varnish and other "villainous compounds," are not only cracking and tearing to shreds, but undergoing sad alterations in tone. But as this short space of time may not be considered sufficient evidence, I will adduce one example more to the purpose. A few years since I saw, in Mr Foster's gallery, I believe, one of those antiques on whose preservation the author lays so much stress, together with the shutters, which in all likelihood were intended for its preservation: however, the reverse proved to be the case, the latter being as perfect as when they were first painted, while the picture itself was in a lamentable state of decay. Now these were painted by the same artist (Mabuse, I think, and the date in the 15th century), doubtless at the same time,



with the same materials, and the same vehicle (at least I could perceive nothing to induce a supposition to the contrary), and, it is reasonable to conclude, had accompanied each other in all changes of locality and temperature from that period to the present. How then are we to account for the better preservation of the secondary portions of the work? Evidently not from any difference in the mechanical process; for if one part was preserved by the agency of varnish, why not the rest?—It is then to other causes we must look for the explanation of this phenomenon, for so it may be called, and I imagine the secret will be found in this: that the central portion was painted on canvass, the outer on panel; and the first having been placed against a wall, and by that means, and the closure of the front upon it, having been prevented from acquiring sufficient solidity, and having in addition, perhaps, been exposed to alternate states of dryness and humidity from behind, was unable to resist the combined attacks of these and time, while the latter, enjoying the advantage of the backs of the panels being exposed to the air, had so been preserved unimpaired to the present time; and I believe the majority of very old pictures will be found to be on panels or copper-plates. Again, how comes it, if varnish is so essential to the preservation of pictures, that the works of Sir Joshua are frequently almost destroyed?—doubtless by the use of that pernicious ingredient. The author himself states that Reynolds painted with varnishes, and used many of them. He ought in fairness to have given full weight to the argument which might have been drawn from this against his theory, for of this fact we have certain knowledge, while we can but form conjectures respecting the early masters having used them; and how fallacious conjecture is, when employed upon objects two or three centuries old, it would be needless to show. Moreover, the writer of the notice on a picture by Forest, in Filhol's *Musée Française*, expressly states, that his works are become rare, the greater part having perished or turned black: "parceque," I quote from memory, "parcequ'il eut le manie de preparer lui-meme ses couleurs, et de les employer avec de l'esprit de vin, et du vernis." And the works of Gainsborough and the landscapes of Wilson are often melancholy proofs of the injurious effects produced by the use of megilp and asphaltum; the earlier pictures of the former, before he indulged in them so freely, are better preserved, and display more purity of colouring than his later ones. How well preserved are the Hogarths in the National Gallery, and if we examine them carefully, can we detect a trace of megilp, copal varnish, or asphaltum? Besides, the extract at page 10, where Leonardo expressly mentions the use of varnish when verdigris is employed, appears to me convincing. Mr. M. says, "Indeed there is nothing to show that Leonardo was in the constant habit of mixing varnish with his colours;"—he might have gone further, and confessed that the passage tends to prove that he did not use it generally, or why, in that case, have instanced one particular substance as needing such preparation? To conclude this part of my letter, I will state my firm conviction, that a knowledge of the medium, or media, used by the old masters, is, and will continue to be, a desideratum in art—certainly not supplied by M. Mérimée's work; and that to ensure, as far as we can, a picture against cracking, the less varnish we use in the painting, and the longer time it is allowed to dry before varnishing afterwards (the last especially), the better chance of longevity it will have.

I shall pass over that portion of the work which treats of the preparation of oils and varnishes, which I think may very safely be left to the manufacturers of such substances, who from long practice, and having proper apparatus at command, can, I am persuaded, supply the artist with better articles, and at a cheaper rate than he can prepare them himself, not to mention the loss of time, which will be found to outweigh any advantage that might accrue from his so doing. Let artists apply themselves to the proper use and application of the materials of their art, and employ men of character and repute in the manufacture of them—for their own interest they will do the utmost to maintain such character—or in these days of competition, Newman's or Brown's occupation would be soon gone. For the same reason I should not have noticed the chapter on the manufacture of colours, were it not that the mistakes, inconsistencies, and chemical impossibilities are so strange and numerous. Page 103. Iodide of Lead. It would require a more profound skill in chemistry than I can boast, to produce this compound by hydrochlorate of potash—in my simplicity I tried the

hydriodide, and found, as I expected, that it produced the intended result. P. 103, l. 3, the sentence, "For instance, in precipitating it by the subcarbonate of soda, or of muriate of potash, of nitrate, of acetate of iron, or persulphate of iron, the most brilliant brown ochres are obtained." There is here some obscurity—would it not be cleared up by substituting "from" in the place of the words in italics? As the author states that it is scarcely worth while to prepare the ochres artificially, I think it hardly necessary to give directions, even had they been more perspicuous for that purpose. As to the permanency of the whole class, I believe all artists are agreed. P. 109. Indian Yellow. I have read somewhere that this colour is prepared from the urine of the buffalo; and not merely from the smell, but the quality of the colour itself, much resembling gall-stone, which, although originally the substance its name imports, is chiefly procured by artificial means from ox-gall. I am inclined, notwithstanding the traveller's authority, to suspect that such is the case. P. 110, l. 3. "This acetate, when precipitated, should be tinged with a decoction of wood!" What wood? Wood is, I hazard a conjecture, meant; but might not the green tint be given as required by admixture on the palette? Massicot. If by the "strongest oxide" the author means that containing the smallest proportion of oxygen, protoxide is correct; if the greatest, it should be the peroxide: the expression is ambiguous. P. 112. Minium. Where is the use of directions how to prepare a colour, which is stated in a note to have faded considerably in a few days? Quere, Was it employed with varnish? P. 117, 3 or 4 pages about cinnabar! Get pure Chinese vermilion from an honest colourman, and cut these leaves out of the book. P. 120. Iodine is said to be as combustible as oxygen! I have been for twenty years in the habit of considering oxygen as a supporter of combustion—perhaps I have been dreaming. I much fear those iodides—they want the test of time. Iodine is a substance so subtle and volatile, that I am almost inclined to think it would escape from copal. This colour, "Periodide of Mercury," is stated to be sold in England under the name of scarlet lake; this I imagine to be a mistake—I have always seen it as "scarlet" simply, what is usually sold as scarlet lake being, I believe, a true lake. P. 128. He must be a clever man who can procure yellow lake from wood. P. 130. Twenty pages about madder lake—and what information do they afford us beyond what we know already? that it is the best substance (to be relied on at least) of its class, if well prepared, as is now generally done. P. 146, line 16. "Carbonized alkali is to me an unknown substance; perhaps carbonated is intended; this may be a mistake of the translator's, nor is it the only one I suspect. P. 151. Fine brown red is curiously said to be made from sulphuric acid; a red of the kind is made, I believe, in the manner stated, but not from the acid. P. 158. Blue ashes, I suppose in the original "cendres Bleues," in England known as verditer; we hardly wanted direction concerning a colour that no artist in this day, I believe, thinks of using. P. 185. The husks of nuts are mentioned as useful to make brown Pink. What kind of nuts have husks that are so useful, I am not aware; walnuts I know have, and suspect that "noix" is the original word, which should have been so rendered. P. 189. A dozen pages on the manufacture of Indian Ink. The advertisements of Howqua's and Saoqua's teas are certainly amusing and instructive in a high degree, and so may this treatise on Ho-hiang Kan-sang and Tehu-yi-tao-ko, especially if read with the book turned upside down. P. 208. Did I possess an apparatus sufficiently ingenious, I would endeavour to pass "this mixture through a current of carbonic acid gas." P. 210, line 9. The definite article is surely unnecessary before "Chalk." Line 16. We have the beak of a tunnel—not the Thames one, I imagine. Surely all this unintelligible stuff about Krems white is superfluous. An artist at Constantinople, might be supplied from Paris—not to say London before he could make any white for himself, even should he be able to comprehend his instructions.

Upon looking over what I have written, I fear this communication has already extended to a length beyond what I anticipated; so passing over panel and canvass preparations, by giving a preference (in small works at least) to the first, I will hasten to a termination, merely expressing my surprise that the translator, in his "original observations," should have omitted to mention Mr Hayter's admirable diagram and lucid explanation thereof. I consider the former equal to Harris's, if not superior, in demonstrating how the primitives unite to form se-

condary tints and black, and the latter fully so to the extracts given from the lectures of Mr Phillips, whose principles, however correct they may be in theory, have been at times so applied in practice as to make us exclaim with the poet,

"Can such things be,  
And overcome us like a summer's cloud,  
Without our special wonder?"

To conclude.—If the translator had judiciously selected those portions of the work really useful to artists, which might have been done in a 5s. volume, the work would have been more acceptable to them generally, and in particular to,

Sir,

Your obedient servant,—G. J. R.

P.S. There is some inaccuracy in the temperatures—30 degrees being mentioned, which, by our thermometer, is below freezing. It should have been stated whether Reaumur's or the centigrade scale is meant. Since writing the above, I have amused myself by comparing the original portions of text, which are here and there appended, and at page 67 I find the following:—Of copal varnish the Latin text has "Hoc glutine omnis pictura super linita lucida fit." &c. The French translator, I conclude, has tortured this passage into "Pictures prepared with this varnish are brilliant," &c., leading one to suppose the varnish was employed in the painting, whereas the text means to say that pictures covered with this varnish become brilliant, which those who have ever varnished pictures well know to be the effect the instant the surface *linita est, lucida fit*. The translation given in the work is scarcely a candid one.

#### THE NELSON TESTIMONIAL.

##### TO THE EDITOR OF 'THE ART-UNION.'

Sir,—In alluding to the decision of the committee for erecting the Nelson Testimonial, you very properly ask—"Did it never strike any of those noblemen and gentlemen that they were accepting a trust for which they were totally incompetent? Had they not the modesty to say—We have been brought up in the army or navy, and can know nothing of the subject of sculpture or architecture?"

Before taking medicine, signing a deed, or building a house, a man possessed of common prudence, or common sense, generally consults a professional man. The more ignorant he is on these subjects, the more wisely will he act. He will feel the necessity of seeking advice. He who is his own physician, lawyer, or architect, has a fool for his patient, client, or employer.

It is not necessary, therefore, neither is it desirable, that those appointed to select designs for a monument should be men of taste; it is only necessary that they should be men of business. Sir Peter Laurie, to whom you have alluded by name, from associating with artists and men of talent, probably knows as much of art as any other member of the committee. He knew enough to feel a want of confidence in his own judgment. He therefore consulted the opinion of those most competent to advise him; he applied to several artists who were not candidates. Among others he applied to me, enclosing an order of admission. After carefully examining the designs, I wrote him my opinion of the three which I considered the best; and had the design for which he voted been adopted, the committee would have done themselves honour, and the nation would not have been disgraced. I did not, it is true, look at any of the candlesticks, conceiving it impossible that such an absurdity would ever be thought of, after such universal public condemnation of the first premium being awarded to such an article.

Your allusion to Sir Peter Laurie's exportation of saddles and bridles to India, with whatever intention it was written, will, I am very sure, give no offence, but, on the contrary, will afford pleasure to that amiable individual, and shew a man of business; for his greatest pride is, that he has been the founder of his own fortune, by industry, prudence, and talent; that he has won the game he played. I hope you will be equally successful, that you will bear your good fortune equally well, and that your head will be as little turned by your elevation.

In conclusion, I will venture to affirm, that there is not an artist in London who would have selected a column—not even among those who sent in designs of that description—unless, indeed, it happened to be *his own*!

#### AN ARTIST.

[We beg to assure our correspondent that we designed nothing appertaining to a sneer against the worthy knight, whose amiable and upright character is universally appreciated. But "the artist" confirms while he combats our position as to the injustice and impolicy of calling on persons to decide upon matters they do not understand, and to arrive at a conclusion concerning which they feel it their duty to consult others. The "artist" can hardly calculate upon finding many to agree with him in his opinion that it is "neither necessary nor desirable that those appointed to select designs for a monument should be men of taste." By his own showing the men of taste who were consulted could do nothing.]

## GERMAN ARTISTS AND CRITICS.

THE Germans are assuredly the great artists of Europe, perhaps owing to that slow, yet earnest attention, natural to the German mind, which allows of continual and undivided attention; which labours so long and so diligently at an object, that not only the one thing to be done, but all the surrounding circumstances that influence it, are observed and pondered over; and every ray of light and every shadow traced to its true source. It is the Germans alone who treat all things artistically, and who alone know what the word means—at least as something more than a mere phrase. They alone can give a reason for the treatment of every work of art; of a picture; of a novel; of the very pattern on china; What they do is done by no fortuitous impulse; the effects of the impulse have been studied; all around it has been grouped, with effort; all the circumstances that bear on its effectual realization, have been earnestly thought over.

And as the workman studies, so does the observer. As the subject has not been dismissed from the hands of the former with a careless feeling, that "it will do;" so by the latter, it is not accepted in an indifferent mood, satisfied to like or dislike at a glance; to admire or condemn from some cursory impression. To him it is an object of reverent attention, of earnest study: to understand it thoroughly is a matter of duty. He approaches, he recedes, he views in every light, he tests by the rules of art, and by all the information he has collected that bears in any manner on the subject; if he approve, he is not satisfied with a passing expression of his content; he goes over every merit, he strives to make admirers and partisans; he reasons against objections; he is enthusiastic in his delight, that Germany, that his age, his town, perhaps, has produced such a man and such a work. There is something almost formidable in this "apostleship," and it would require no little courage to resist the sympathy that animates, or to venture an expression of dissent from the feelings of the admiring crowd that surrounds a grand new picture.

All the fervour which, with us, accumulates around a public man, or a public measure, concentrates itself with them on the artist and his art, and a feeling yet more earnest, because seated in deeper convictions, rising from more thought, as not being frittered away by those numerous contending objects that fill an Englishman's imagination—since in Germany there is so little room for warm, public, or personal interests. And no doubt the encouragement given to art by the German Governments, more especially by the Prussian and Bavarian, is a most wise provision for their own security, and the earnest cultivation of, and enthusiasm for, art, one of the means by which Germany enables herself to submit, with patience, to rules and divisions, incongruous to her needs, and to the "downrightness" and love of freedom that characterize her people.

In art, too, the intense nationality of the Germans finds a refuge and a consolation; denied political expression it has no "blind eyes" for German merit, and declines no labour to discover it.

Competition and rivalry—those great elements of improvement—are not at all wanting to the Germans; and Dusseldorf, Berlin, Munich, and Rome, have each their favourers and partisans, who can scarcely perceive the existence, much less acknowledge the merits of the other schools; still the great German feeling is pre-eminent, all these schools excite an animated interest, and are proudly and fondly regarded as proteges of the great German family. Nor is it at all by shutting his eyes to what other nations are about that the German preserves his self-complacency on this point. That most useful custom of annual exhibitions of modern art is a widely spread and increasing one.

Altogether the Germans are very well acquainted with what foreigners, as with what their countrymen, are doing, especially as regards the more portable specimens of pictorial art. It is a well

known fact that illustrated works on scientific subjects published here, have a better proportionate sale in Germany than in England, and in speaking with a scientific German we shall find him perfectly aware of all the works published in England and France, at least on his immediate subject, up to the latest minute, and, if not their possessor, he will probably at least have seen most of them. Berlin furnishes the amateur with all those elegant trifles in the shape of annuals, beauties, &c., that come out in London, almost as soon as they bud forth here, and many a sober German wonders over the magic pencil of our artists, and over the taste of the English girl, or young wife, who consents to have her loveliness thus published to the world.

And not merely are there temporary exhibitions of modern art; every town of Germany possesses its Museum, and these are chiefly filled with native productions: whilst few more gratifying encouragements can be imagined for the artist than the warm interest with which tourists last year greeted the addition of two fine specimens, chosen with laudable impartiality, one from the Berlin, and one from the Dusseldorf School, for the Museum at Frankfurt.

That the products of the German schools will, as we become more acquainted with them, on the whole appear to us deficient in interest and in invention we expect. A striking feature in German art is the immense sea of mediocrity through which thanks, perhaps, to the constant methodical sort of patronage which has always existed throughout the country from burgess bodies, and small regal, ducal, and electoral courts, it has waded; and there certainly does not belong to German habits the same impatience of, and disgust at, "short-coming" as to the more eager and versatile French and English. If an object be thought worthy and desirable, perseverance in it appears at once a virtue, even should it chance to be a perseverance without inspiration and without reward. Hence, partly, one element Germany possesses for a certain degree of excellence. She is a fertile, and on the whole an accurate, copyist: the difference between the students she sends to Italy, and those from England, has been remarked. Her great rising school is admirably situated for this purpose, close to the master-pieces of Belgium, the bold and miraculous truths of Rubens, and the splendours of Vandyck, with the rivalry of the new Belgian school meeting her scholars, as in every collection of Belgian art they are found at work.

What they do is not exactly what, from surrounding circumstances, we should expect; for somewhat of the system of Albert Durer appears to cling around his countrymen, and instead of bold "notions," such as Rubens might be expected to inspire, in whose very boldness would be the betrayal of their feebleness, the copyist smooths and polishes his work as if he loved it. And we perceive with surprise an inferiority to us, and even to Belgium, in landscape painting, in the inhabitants of a land which contains more of beautiful scenery than any other of the large divisions of Europe; and who are better acquainted with that scenery, yearly congregating in its most picturesque spots; whilst every youth, almost as a part of his education, explores, with staff and knapsack, its more inaccessible beauties. And on the top of every prospect-commanding hill is a summer house, if not a wine and tobacco shop; in every rocky valley guides are habitual; seats by every waterfall; and refreshments serving, and social parties enjoying everywhere the beloved Nature. Yet the traveller finds no views of these much frequented spots that give any satisfactory idea of them unless an English or a French artist has passed that way.

We think, then, our artists may safely and advantageously welcome the pupils of the German schools; their merits are too different, yet too equal with their own, to excite fears of more than a useful and improving rivalry; whilst, in the present state of the world, success can only be secured, even to industry and talent, by knowledge,—the knowledge of what has been done, and what is doing.

## CHIT-CHAT.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.—On the day which closed the session of parliament, Mr Joseph Hume carried his threat against the Royal Academy, into execution, by giving notice of his intention to move, early next session, for the "Returns," &c. The motion is, therefore, to be an annual motion; and the honourable member is resolved to try what "agitation" will do. We feel it to be unnecessary, at the present moment, to add any remarks to those which, in our last number, we considered it our duty to offer, but we shall hold ourselves prepared to contend for the position we have occupied, and to show the gross injustice which the member for Kilkenny seeks to perpetrate—not as against the Academy but the public.

THE TOURNAMENT.—We understand that several artists attended the sumptuous fête of the Earl of Eglinton, and that a large accession of gay prints, coloured of course, may be very speedily looked for. We do not, however, learn that any of our leading painters were present, nor do we anticipate that the occasion will give birth to any remarkable work of art. Our readers know that, unhappily, the most conspicuous objects in the tilt-yard were umbrellas.

BUST OF CLARKSON.—A marble bust of the venerable Thomas Clarkson, destined to be placed in the Council Chamber of the London Corporation, agreeably to a vote of the Common Council, has been executed by Mr Behnes. The Corporation a short time ago voted the freedom of the city to Mr Clarkson, and requested him to sit for his bust, to be sculptured in marble, and erected in the Chamber of the Common Council, near that of Granville Sharp, the man who established the great principle, that "The slave who sets his foot upon the British soil becomes from that moment free." This bust is to be placed on a fine fluted column, with a tablet inserted, on which a suitable inscription will be placed, embodying the expressive resolution moved by Mr Sheriff Wood, seconded by Sir Peter Laurie, and carried by acclamation, as a testimony to future times of Thomas Clarkson's distinguished labours successfully exerted in the service of humanity.

DESIGNS FOR THE NEW POSTAGE PLAN.—The Lords of the Treasury have issued a treasury minute on the subject of the new postage plan. It is, to some extent, interesting to artists. Their Lordships are anxious to receive information as to the best, the safest, and the surest mode of carrying into operation that important part of the project which relates to the stamping of covers; and therefore "they feel it will be useful that artists, men of science, and the public in general, may have an opportunity of offering any suggestions or proposals as to the manner in which the stamp may best be brought into use." Their Lordships have resolved to award a premium of 200*l.* to such proposal as they may consider the most deserving of attention, and 100*l.* to the next best proposal;—the proposals to be sent in, on or before the 15th of October next. The points their Lordships consider of the greatest importance are—1. The convenience as regards the public use. 2. The security from forgery. 3. The facility of being checked and distinguished in the examination at the Post-office, which must of necessity be rapid. 4. The expense of the production and circulation of the stamps. All persons desirous of communicating with my Lords on the subject are requested to direct to the Lords of the Treasury, Whitehall, marked "Post-office Stamps."

MONUMENT TO SIR WALTER SCOTT.—On the 15th of August last, the anniversary of Scott's birthday, a monument to his memory was raised in the market place at Selkirk. It consists of a figure of himself, seven feet six inches high, attired in the costume of Sheriff, and holding a roll of papers in his left hand, elevated on a pedestal. On the latter, which is further decorated with the armorial bearings of Sir Walter, the arms of the burgh, a winged harp with 'Waverley' under it, and a



Scotch thistle, are the following lines:—"Erected in August 1839, in proud and affectionate remembrance of Sir Walter Scott, Bart., Sheriff of this county from 1800 to 1832.

"By Yarrow's stream still let me stray,  
Though none should guide my weary way;  
Still feel the breeze down Ettrick break  
Though it should chill my withered cheeks."

The whole is the work of Mr A. H. Ritchie, Sculptor, at Musselburgh, and is said to be well performed.

**BATH.**—The colossal head of Jupiter, sculptured from a block of Bath stone, weighing upwards of six tons, by the late Mr Osborn, a native of Bath, has been offered to and accepted by the Victoria Park Committee. This colossal head, which exceeds in dimensions that of Memnon in the British Museum, is a very striking achievement. The Bath Chronicle is eloquent in its praise. The features are strictly ideal; the expression is sublime. The severe grandeur, majesty, and placid character of the physiognomy remind us of the statues of Jupiter as represented by the Greek sculptors in the purest period of art; but we are assured, on good authority, that this remarkable work is not a copy. The artist was at great expense in working out his bold conception, which was executed under circumstances of difficulty which would have crushed the spirit of enterprize in any common mind. After the accomplishment of his wishes, a long and most afflicting sickness, which resulted in death, entirely exhausted his means. His widow and family are left destitute, with but, for their sole possession, this colossal bust. We trust that by securing this noble ornament for the Park, the generous public will subscribe a sum that will preserve the artist's widow and family from immediate want.

**MUSEUMS OF DESIGN AND OF MANUFACTURES.**—We learn that certain gentlemen of Manchester, devoted to the fine arts, have the intention of establishing in that town a museum of *objects of beauty*, to which the public will be admitted for the purposes of study. Endeavours will be made to contrast as much as possible some of the forms now in general use with those of the best periods of ancient art (a modern flower-pot, for example, with some of the Pompeian vases), and to afford as many incentives as possible to improvements in this respect. Sir Benjamin Heywood and Mr James Nasmyth are the projectors of the scheme. At the last meeting of the "British Association," too, held in Birmingham, Mr Godwin, we observe, suggested, through the medium of the *Midland Counties Herald* (and the suggestion is likely to be acted on), that certain series of specimens then exhibited, illustrative of different processes of manufactures, should be purchased from their owners, and made to form the nucleus there of a perfect collection of these *silent lecturers*, as he termed them. Such a measure, in conjunction with that above suggested, might be made to have great effect, especially in advancing the character of those branches of manufacture which depend much upon the arts of design.

Mr ALFRED STOTHARD, the medallist, one of the few artists who contribute worthily to uphold a sadly neglected branch of art, has recently engraved a medal of John Lee, Esq., L.L.D., &c., &c., to commemorate the establishment of the Numismatic Society, of which Dr Lee was the first President. The especial objects of the Numismatic Society are—promoting the science of ancient coins and medals, fostering artists of talent, and (when opportunities offer) urging upon the consideration of our government the propriety of making the coinage of the realm (as was the case with the ancients) the medium of recording national events, as well as of answering all the purposes of trade and business.

CARDINAL FESCH, the uncle of Napoleon, has bequeathed the greater part of his famous collection of pictures to form a gallery, and be the foundation of a School of Art at Ajaccio.

#### PROVINCIAL EXHIBITIONS.

[There are, at the present moment, Exhibitions of the Works of British Artists open in Liverpool, Leeds, Norwich, Manchester, Newcastle-on-Tyne, Birmingham, Plymouth, Bristol, Wolverhampton, and Cork. The accounts we receive from the majority of these places are not so satisfactory, as we could desire, either as regards the value and interest of the pictures contributed, or the extent of sales likely to be effected.]

**ROYAL INSTITUTION, MANCHESTER.**—From the wealthy town of Manchester we receive complaints that not a single picture of the highest class, and very few of the second class, have been contributed to the Exhibition for the year 1839—the eighteenth since the establishment of the Royal Institution. It consists of 493 works, of which an undue proportion are water-colour drawings; and we understand that, but for the loans of the neighbouring gentry and merchants, the Exhibition would have been a failure. This is not as it should be. Manchester has long taken the lead in the cause of art in the provinces, and it is prosperous enough to maintain it. Our information states that but one small picture was disposed of during the first fortnight;—but we trust this is to be accounted for by the fact that the worthy cotton-spinners were deep in the game of a contested election. In going through the catalogue, however, we meet with too little to encourage the hope that much will be done in Manchester this year. We found few names which lead us to doubt the accuracy of the statements conveyed to us—that from some cause or other the artists have manifested a great degree of apathy towards it, and that such apathy has had its common and injurious effect upon the town and its vicinity. The primary attraction is Allan's picture of 'The Murder of Rizzio'; the next, perhaps, is T. S. Cooper's 'Watering Place.' 'The Ghost Story,' by J. P. Knight, may follow; and the fourth in importance may be 'The Hypocrite,' by E. Prentiss, a picture we imagine not previously exhibited. Good works, however, if not very remarkable ones, have been supplied by the Wilsons, senior and junior, Stark, Patten, Hoffman, Clater, Child, Chambers, Balmer, McManus, O'Neil, Watts, and Zeitter.

We feel it necessary to comment on the very careless manner in which the catalogue has been printed. It is full of blunders—blunders so glaring as to lead to a conviction that no person conversant with artists could have been employed to arrange the exhibition. For examples, we meet "M. Smart, R.A." twice, and "McClise" also twice, and once without the honorary distinction he has so well earned. We might copy a score or two of mistakes equally unpardonable. The evil is greater than it will at first appear to be; for it must inevitably prevent confidence in the directors of the institution, by showing that they have used little or no judgment in selecting persons to preside over and direct the arrangements to which they themselves could not be expected to attend.

**BRISTOL.**—THE SOCIETY OF ARTISTS' EXHIBITION OF PAINTINGS.—A strong effort is now being made to establish in this city a permanent society for the protection of the arts of design. An address has been issued, expressing surprise that, amongst the many valuable institutions in Bristol, there should be none devoted exclusively to this object; and calling upon the inhabitants to form an Art-Union there, so as to induce artists to send pictures for annual exhibition "Manchester," it continues, "Liverpool, Edinburgh, Dublin, Leeds, and our neighbouring city, Bath, have each their Art-Unions; and since it is well known that there are many residents in Bristol and its environs deeply imbued with taste and feeling for the arts of design, and willing to promote them by the aid of their patronage, there appears to be no reason why we should not have, within the walls of our own city, an institution especially devoted to the

advancement and support of those arts, which are the sure concomitants of high civilization and refinement." We are glad to be able to say, that many subscribers are already enrolled for the current year; and that there is every prospect of raising a tolerably large sum of money, to be expended in the purchase of pictures.

The collection of works of art at present exhibiting (in Mr Davey's gallery, Broad street) consists of 182 paintings, and seven specimens of sculpture. The greater number of them are already known to the London public, comprising 'The Passions,' by G. Patten, A. R. A. 'Robinson Crusoe,' by A. Fraser. 'The Road-side Inn,' by Creswick. 'Village Connoisseurs,' by Webster. (How is it this remains unsold?) 'Plunder,' by Lance. And 'The Drunkard,' by George Clint. There are, however, also several clever pictures by local artists, as, for example—'Pilgrims in View of St Peter's,' 'The Ave Maria,' and 'A Monk Relieving the Poor,' by H. Fryer. 'Lake Wallenstätt,' by G. A. Fripp. 'Athens,' and 'The Bay of Naples,' by W. Muller. 'Lymouth,' by C. Branwhite. And 'Moorend Stapleton,' by N. Branwhite, jun. Among the water-colour drawings we may mention—'The Park at Brussels,' by R. Tucker. 'Windmill Twilight,' by E. G. Muller. And 'Horton, Gloucestershire,' by S. Jackson.

**BIRMINGHAM.**—The Birmingham Society of Arts was established in 1829. The exhibition for the year 1839 consists entirely of the works of modern artists. It contains 417 productions of art. Among them are several of the highest class, including paintings by Howard, Hart, Harvey, Phillips, McClise, (his famous "Robin Hood") Witherington, David Roberts, Reinagle, Leslie, Danby, Copley Fielding, Stark, &c. &c.

A society "for the purchase of works of living artists" was formed in Birmingham in the year 1836. It is on the plan of "the Art-Union;" prizes are balloted for, soon after the opening of the exhibition; and "Every drawer of a Prize, shall be at liberty to select for himself, from the catalogue of the exhibition, ONE PICTURE, or at least the value of the prize drawn; and to add to the sum of his prize, to any amount, for the purchase of any work of higher value." The society was, we understand, established chiefly by the exertions of the Rev. Hugh Hutton, the secretary. Its progress has been highly satisfactory; in 1839, a sum of 500*l.* was collected, and twenty-one prizes, varying in value from 100*l.* to 5*l.*, were allotted to as many subscribers. We have not yet heard what have been the results during the past year, but trust there has been in Birmingham an increase proportionate to that which has been obtained in London, or that which has rewarded the labours of the society in Scotland. It is probable we shall be able to communicate information on this subject in our next.

THE LIVERPOOL ACADEMY is now open.—It is the fifteenth exhibition, and contains 711 works of art. The collection is an exceedingly good one. Among the paintings those which necessarily attract the most attention, are the following:—'Olivia and Sophia sitting out Moses for the Fair,' D. MacLise (exhibited at the British Institution). 'Avenue in Fulford Park, Devonshire,' F. R. Lee. 'Cathedral of Bruges,' D. Roberts. 'The Graces,' G. Patten. 'The Pillaging of a Jew's House in the reign of James the First,' C. Landseer. 'The Crucifixion,' A. W. Elmore. 'The Rencontre,' W. F. Witherington. 'Pickersgill's portrait of Miss Pardoe,' Wood Fetchers, J. Inskipp. 'The Brides of Venice,' J. R. Herbert. 'Going to Pasture,' T. S. Cooper. 'The Pride of the Village,' J. C. Horsley. 'Lady Jane Grey at the Place of Execution,' S. A. Hart. 'The present Irish House of Commons,' H. Mac Manus. 'Ferry on the Thames,' J. Stark. 'Playing at Chess,' C. W. Cope. 'Jeanie and Effie Deans,' J. Hayter. And 'The Conspiracy of the Pazzi,' W. Fisk. But although these works, either from their size, or because of the established reputations of their

producers, are the more conspicuous of the gallery, excellent and valuable contributions have been forwarded by Clater, Kidd, Lance, the two Wilsons, Parker, Holland, J. Martin, Copley Fielding, Balmer, G. Jones, E. T. Parris, Barrett, T. Webster, Eddy, J. Bewick, Creswick, E. W. Cooke, Hancock, Pidding, D. O. Hill, Mrs W. Carpenter, Pyne, James Uwins, Stephanoff, D. Cowper, and G. Arnold. And besides the works we have enumerated, there are several others by Horsley, Patten, Herbert, T. S. Cooper, Hart, J. Hayter, Lee, Stark, and the Wilsons, father and son. In paintings in water colours the collection is very rich; and the works in sculpture and models number no fewer than twenty-seven. We have therefore reason to congratulate the directors and honorary secretary of the Liverpool institution on the success which has this year attended their efforts. The exhibition is, beyond question, the best out of the metropolis. We trust the results will be as satisfactory to the artists as they undoubtedly are to the public, and that a fresh impetus will be given to the Art-Union of the wealthy port of Liverpool.

**NORWICH.**—We received the catalogue, &c. of the Norwich exhibition too late to do more than name it; we shall refer to it next month. Every effort has been tried to make this exhibition not only an agreeable one to the public, but one in which the artist would be met by extended patronage and support. The committee have opened a fund of guinea subscribers for the purpose of disposing of some of the pictures, on the principle of the London Art-Union. They are also about to hold a *conversations* for ladies and gentlemen in their gallery, on the evening of the 25th inst., at which the Lord Bishop of Norwich will preside. These arrangements are strongly calculated to bring the lovers of art together, and we hope will revive the dormant taste and spirit of the Norwich public.

To this exhibition we hope to render more ample justice next month; and, indeed, the remarks will apply to several of the others; for, unfortunately, our supply of information from the provinces was delayed so unnecessarily late as materially to embarrass us, and prevent our noticing them either so amply or so properly as we desired to do. We trust our provincial friends will bear this in mind.

**PLYMOUTH.**—At the Athenæum, Plymouth, the exhibition was opened early in August. It is the fifteenth, and contains upwards of a hundred works of art; but there is an injudicious mixture of paintings by British artists with those of the old masters, and as we perceive the names of the "proprietors" accompanying the greater proportion of the productions, we presume the artists generally have either not been invited or not been induced to contribute. There are, however, a few of our London acquaintances in the list; and several painters, natives of Plymouth, with whom they need not blush to be associated. Plymouth, however, ought to have had better help from the metropolis. It is the birth-place of Eastlake, of Prout also, and of Haydon. Among the resident artists we are led to name W. WILLIAMS, who has several fine landscapes; he is a young man of extraordinary powers, self-taught; he has talent of the highest order, but wants careful cultivation; he will probably exhibit in London next year for the first time. J. Cook is at present a house-painter, he will one day occupy a very different station; his 'Group of Bacchantes' is a wonderfully fine drawing, admirably drawn and grouped, and very richly coloured; it is quite the gem of the water colour room. There are also three drawings by a poor boy in the free school, who is quite a cripple; they are not unworthy the Royal Academy school; and it is intended, if money can be raised for him, to send him to London to pursue his studies. He now only devotes three hours a day between other lessons. He is about thirteen years of age.

**WOLVERHAMPTON.**—An exhibition of works of fine art has been recently made at Wolverhampton, and was attended with the greatest eagerness by people of all classes. It included nearly one hundred paintings, ancient and modern, and many capital models. Wolverhampton is a very populous town—one of the worlds of mechanics—and we rejoice to learn that it is following the example of its richer neighbour Birmingham.

**COAK.**—The exhibition of the "Society for Promoting the Fine Arts in the South of Ireland," was opened early in August. It consists of no more than seventy-six works, about twenty of which have been contributed by artists resident in London; but we lament that we do not find in the published list the name of a single painter, a native of Ireland, who has achieved distinction in the British metropolis. We could name at least a score of artists, whose co-operation might have largely contributed to rescue their country from a reproach; but who have declined to aid those who deserve at least the merit of having endeavoured to create a feeling for, and an appreciation of, art, in the second city of Ireland. We confess our exceeding disappointment at the result of the experiment; it is a mortification to ourselves, for we had hoped—and had expressed our hope—that the attempt would have proved successful. We reckoned, certainly, on the assistance of the Irish artists who flourish in England. In London there are, we believe, five or six members of the Royal Hibernian Academy; and in Dublin, we presume, the other members abide. There does not appear the name of a single R.H.A., or an A.R.H.A., in the catalogue transmitted to us. This indifference to the interests of Ireland and of art is, to our minds, inexcusable. The society in Cork was formed under very favourable auspices; among the committee were some of the most respected gentry and merchants of the city; and upon the results of their efforts depended mainly the question whether a taste for the arts might or might not be increased and extended throughout Ireland. The consequence has been—a failure. It is impossible for us to disguise the fact; and although the secretary, R. O'C. Newenham, Esq., writes us that "as far as regards our native artists, the exhibition surpasses our most sanguine expectations," he cannot relieve us from that despondency which the meagre catalogue induces. There are, we perceive, four or five names of frequent occurrence in the list—D. McDonald, J. Brennan, J. Noblett, J. Mahony, and a young lady, Miss Olden, a miniature painter. They are, no doubt, artists who have not yet learned to do without their country. Nevertheless, we trust the committee will not be discouraged; those who cannot do much good may effect a little; and if their recompence be not as large as it ought to be, they will have the satisfaction of having made an effort, which was unsuccessful only because it was not fairly seconded. We hope they will next year "try again," and that their "Report" will be such as to justify another experiment. One of the Cork newspapers—the *Cork Standard*—proposes the establishment of an "Art-Union" in the south of Ireland. We hope the suggestion will be adopted. It may not rival those of London and Edinburgh, but a sum might be collected that would materially assist in spreading a taste for the arts and a desire to possess the works of artists. Surely in so wealthy and populous a city—a city, too, from which so many eminent men have started to pursue the path to fame—there cannot be much difficulty in collecting subscriptions for so laudable a purpose. At any rate, let one gentleman of energy and enterprise make a beginning; we venture to promise that the object will be, to a considerable extent, achieved.\*

\* We have just received "the Cork Standard," which informs us that the exhibition has closed; the pictures contributed by London artists will, no doubt, be returned forthwith; if any error should occur in the delivery of the packages, free of all expense as stipulated, we shall, of course, conceive it our duty to have it remedied. We beg to repeat our assurance as to the high station and characters of the several gentlemen who form the committee; and our belief that they have done their utmost to forward the cause of art.

## WORKS IN PROGRESS.

[The present season is the breathing-time of the publishers. We shall have very little to examine for the next three or four months. But several great works are in progress, and the noise of preparation has been sounded through the advertisements. We shall, perhaps, take an early occasion to enumerate the leading prints to be submitted to the public, when the "town is full." At present we may devote a portion of our space to a notice of two or three of them.]

**PORTRAIT OF THE QUEEN—GEORGE HAYTER.**—Mr Cousins has produced an etching of this very admirable picture. The high reputation of the engraver, the present state of his plate, and the importance of the great national work upon which his talents are employed, justify the hope that when completed it will be as near perfection as any production of art of our age and country. The portrait—which we had an opportunity of examining when, two or three months ago, it was privately exhibited—satisfied us far more than any other of the many which profess to familiarize her subjects with the features of their most gracious sovereign. It is a close resemblance; in no degree, we think, exaggerated; and yet its effect is highly poetical; the position, the robes, the insignia of state, and, above all, the solemn and unbroken grandeur of the scene surrounding, give to it rather the air of a composition than of an actual portrait. It is indeed a fine and interesting picture; the artist has succeeded in so availing himself of the accessories supplied to him by the occasion and the place—the coronation and Westminster Abbey—as to produce a painting having all the interest and importance of an historical work, at the same time that he has preserved an accurate likeness of the form and features of her Majesty. We do not doubt that this, when completed, will be the portrait of the sovereign; and that it will take the place of all others hitherto produced. The size of the plate is 22 inches by 31 high. Her Majesty is represented as "seated in the chair of homage on the throne in Westminster Abbey," clothed in the "Imperial Dalmatic Robe"—which she can wear but once; her right hand holds the sceptre; the crown is over her fair young brow; her bearing is that of one deeply impressed with the solemn nature of the state to which it has pleased God to call her, yet it is full of gentle grace as well as dignity; the expression of her countenance is precisely that upon which her loyal subjects will love to look as the promise of goodness and firmness. The background is the Abbey; but although the moment selected by the artist is that which presented to Great Britain a "crowned" queen, neither person nor object has been introduced to disturb the interest it was desired to concentrate on the sovereign. We shall trench upon the poet's privilege if we dwell upon it longer; we have seen no portrait that satisfies us half so well; and sure we are that such of our readers as we may induce to watch for its publication with a view to possess it, will thank us for recommending it in the strong terms we feel justified in using.

**PORTRAIT OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON—J. LUCAS.**—Mr Boys has announced his intention of publishing another portrait of his Grace the Duke of Wellington. We shall greet it with a welcome, although at least a score of "Wellingtons" are already within the reach of the public. This by Mr Lucas has been privately exhibited; it is a very admirable work—a striking and agreeable likeness of the great man of our age, painted with considerable skill and power, and just such a production as we should desire to see multiplied by the engraver. Everybody now knows that his Grace is Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports: the recent banquet given in his honour at Dover, has been talked of all England over; the circumstance happened very apropos for the publisher; this portrait represents him in his official garb as



Lord Warden; it was painted for the Trinity House, and it will no doubt be the accepted record of "the Duke," with all who attended the splendid festival.

**PILLAGE AND DESTRUCTION OF BASING HOUSE.**  
—C. LANDSEER, A. R. A.—We rejoice to find that this admirable work is in the hands of the engraver, and that it will be shortly published by Mrs Parkes (the successor of Mr Bowyer), forming one of the series of high class historical pictures, for which the public have been, from time to time, indebted to that firm. Many of our readers will recollect the picture at Somerset House; it led, we believe, to Mr Landseer's election into the Academy; at least, its merits were sufficient to justify the honour about that time conferred upon him. Subsequently, it obtained the first premium awarded by the Liverpool Society of Arts; and was afterwards transferred to the gallery of Mr Wells, of Redleaf, one of the most judicious and liberal patrons of art in the kingdom. The subject is of deep interest—painful, it is true, but commemorating one of those events of the civil war—unhappily of such frequent occurrence—with exceeding force and fidelity. The principal characters are the venerable Marquis of Winchester and his fair and accomplished daughter, who have surrendered to the troopers of Cromwell. We shall devote larger space to the print as soon as it is published.

## OBITUARY.

### WILLIAM WILKINS, R.A.

WILLIAM WILKINS, Esq., the Professor of Architecture of the Royal Academy, died on the 31st of August, at his residence, near Cambridge, in the 61st year of his age. He was a native of Norwich, where his father carried on a prosperous business as a builder. He gave his son a good preparatory education, and at an early age he was entered a student of Downing College, Cambridge, of which college his uncle, Dr Wilkins, was then a fellow. Mr Wilkins distinguished himself in the mathematical rather than the classical portion of his undergraduate course, and adopted the art of architecture as his profession; he, however, still retained his scholarship in the university, and in due time was elected a fellow of his college, and it is a singular fact that one of the earliest efforts of his professional talents was exercised upon Downing College, which he built upon the Roman-Greek principle, as it now stands, as opposed to the surrounding colleges and halls, which, as our readers know, embrace every style of Gothic architecture from the earliest to the latest period of the grand and interesting combination of the arts and sciences. Dr Wilkins (the uncle) having become librarian to the East India Company, his nephew, William, was appointed to the situation of architect to the company on the resignation of the late Mr Cockerell. He soon after was elected an associate of the Royal Academy, and, in 1824, was made a royal academician, and on the demise of Sir John Soane, 1837, Mr Wilkins was appointed his successor as professor and lecturer on architecture, and commenced his preparations for an entirely new course of lectures, which, however, his continued attacks of gout prevented him from completing, and he never delivered one of them. Mr Wilkins, in the early part of his professional life, published a very excellent translation of Vitruvius's famous work on architecture, besides some original essays of his own. He was architect to several public edifices as well as private buildings. Of his public buildings, the most remarkable are the Cambridge University Club-House, St George's Hospital, the London University, and the National Gallery, in London; his Colleges of Corpus Christi, Downing, and his additions to Trinity and King's, at Cambridge; and his national monuments at Dublin and Yarmouth. The National Gallery affords but a very equivocal proof of his taste.

## FOREIGN ART.

**ROME.**—Baron Camuccini, the "custode" of the pictures in the Vatican, has commenced the labour of cleansing the paintings of Raphael, an operation to which they have not been subjected since the year 1702. The Baron has remarked, that these pictures have not been painted entirely *al fresco*, but have been touched a *la tempera* by the great master and his disciples. 'Apollo on the Parnassus' is one of them, where this has been done in a very tangible manner, with the view of making the shades more transparent. Those who will now visit the Vatican, will, therefore, have the advantage of viewing the serene conceptions of the great master in their original (we would fain say virginal), freshness and brilliancy.—The excavations which have been lately carried on in the vicinity of Monterone, on the road from Rome to Civitavecchia, and which are made at the expense of the Duchess of Sermoneta, have lately yielded very interesting results. An ancient tomb has been discovered, containing rich ornaments made of gold. They resemble very much those, which were found two years ago at Cere, and are deposited in the Etruscan Museum of the Vatican. Those tombs, without paintings or vases, show clearly, that they belong to an even more ancient epoch than that of old Etruria.

According to a letter which the *Aftenblad* has received from Rome, a sculptor has made his *début* in this city, who bids fair to become a second Thorwaldsen. He has lately exhibited two statues, Apollo and Venus, at which he worked six years. Some rich persons, who had seen them in Rome, had offered large sums; but the artist, in compliment to his native land, has disposed of them to King Charles John for 4,000 dollars. Apollo leans upon a tripod, and has in his left hand a lyre, the right grasps at the strings. He is in the position, expecting a moment of inspiration. The drapery is in the purest antique style; the flesh of the highest execution. Venus is represented holding in her right hand the apple, at which, as a token of victory, she looks with ecstasy. The features are full of grace, the head beautiful and majestic. At her side stands Amor, being, however, of subordinate beauty. But as to the main figures, they recall to the beholders the grand prototypes of the Parthenon.

**MUNICH.**—The new gothic church in the *Au* suburb of Munich has been lately opened, and is mentioned as a triumph of the architecture of the age. In fact, there is scarcely any period of the year, where something interesting in the different departments of art, is not going on in the metropolis of Bavaria.—Professor Schwanthaler is about to return to Munich. He will pass through Salzburg, to view the site of Mozart's monument, the execution of which he has undertaken. His model of a colossal statue of Charles XII is completed, the face of which is formed after a cast of the gallant king; still the artist has not failed to infuse into it such changes, as the nature of the colossal, demands. Some of the Germanic-Roman statues, destined for the group of the *Herrmannschlacht* in the *Wallhalla*, are also completed. The great plint destined for the *Barbarossa Saloon* of the new royal palace, is likewise progressing.—In reference to M. Liepmann's discovery of painting in oil-colour, a Munich artist has published the following opinion:—"The main feature of this discovery is already evident, viz. that every manner of colour, boldness, and delicacy, smoothness and roughness, can be achieved; all sorts of oil-painting, impasting, as well as *Lazur*, and a delicate mellowing of darkly painted spots, are at the artist's command. The importance of this discovery is perhaps greater, than that of the *Daguerrotype*. It will bring oil-paintings within the reach of even the less wealthy; it will, moreover, give employment to artists, who, less skilled in original conceptions, may be still capable of producing superior copies of valuable originals, which may now adorn the public palaces and the abodes of every town. The effect which the pictures of

M. Liepmann produce, is stated to be very great. The Royal Academy of Berlin, to whom M. Liepmann sent one of his pictures, after Rembrandt, states that "it resembles a real oil-painting, executed with a brush." It is supposed that the King of Prussia, or other states conjointly, will purchase M. Liepmann's secret.

**FRANKFORT.**—The statue of Goëthe, which Marchese is making in Milan, is much admired. It is not yet placed, as the pedestal has not arrived from Italy. The visit of Thorwaldsen for the sake of what is called the "Great Goëthe Monument," is not yet fixed.

**BERLIN AND PRUSSIA.**—The next exhibition bids fair to become very interesting. M. Krüger has nearly finished his splendid show-picture, made by command of the king, and which will contain portraits of the most eminent Prussian statesmen, men of science, and artists.—The chapel which is about to be erected in Posen to the memory of the two Polish kings, Micislaus and Boleslaus, a work which is superintended by Count Raczyński, is about to be finished. The two monarchs introduced Christianity into Poland. The building is truly splendid. On the plafond, figures of the Slavian saints, St Adelbert, Nepomuzen, &c. are painted on a gold ground.

**DRESDEN.**—The last exhibition has not been very rich. This is easily accounted for; these exhibitions being annual, which, according to the small number of artists in Saxony, cannot furnish any great quantity of paintings, or other objects of art. The pictures of Professor Vogel, and M. Dahl's landscapes, were most taken notice of. There were some contributions from Berlin, Düsseldorf, Vienna, and Rome, but they were not of much value.

**VIENNA.**—On the 2nd of October, the cabinet of Chevalier Frank, consisting of upwards of 4,000 specimens of medals, beginning with the year 1500, and including coins of the republics and empires of Europe and America, besides many medals relating to celebrated personages, will be sold by auction.

**MOSCOW.**—The Kreml, the rebuilding and enlarging of which has proceeded for several years past, is about to be finished, as latterly 3,000 people have been daily employed upon it. In the first instance, Baron Bode has put the ancient Kreml into complete repair, and, with the aid of ancient chronicles and traditions, has brought it to that state, that Czar Wladimir, with his serail, could in a moment return to it, and find himself at home. The huge Alexander palace, built only 20 years since, has been demolished. Another immense building is in progress, which will be entirely in the bizarre ancient *Tartar russo-mongolian* style, with its pitcher like columns, and a *terem* in the shape of a tent, which will be placed on the top of the main palace. These buildings, when ready, will be an interesting, and perhaps the only pattern of a style of architecture, which may be at present considered as exploded. A Cathedral, also, for the whole Russian empire, is in progress near the same spot.

**SPAIN.**—The Queen Regent ordered, some time ago, that the splendid chapel of Grenada, built by Ferdinand and Isabella of Castile, and which threatened to fall to ruins, should be thoroughly repaired. This has been now completed, and the chapel is again open for the inspection of the religious, or lover of ancient Spanish art.—A new periodical of art, literature, &c. has just appeared in Cadiz. Its title is *The Aureola*, and it has to appear every week.—The admired picture of Raphael, 'The Holy Family,' called *la Perla*, was been engraved and published by a Spanish artist.

A Paris paper, after detailing M. Daguerre's first public experiment, observes, "We can conscientiously declare that there is not a lady who has not a hundred times executed more delicate operations, to remove a stain from a valuable dress, than the daguerrotype requires; and many of our dandies bestow more care and pains upon the tying of a cravat than are necessary to obtain a photogenic drawing."

## ILLUSTRATED WORKS.

MANSIONS OF ENGLAND IN THE OLDEN TIME. By JOSEPH NASH. M'Lean, Publisher.

NOTWITHSTANDING the many illustrated works that have been of late published—that every country has been ransacked for “peculiarities,” and devices without end have been hit upon to produce novelty—it is evident there is still something “new under the sun.” The stores of Art are as inexhaustible as those of Nature; a striking and original feature may be given to any object, no matter how frequently the skill and ingenuity of the artist has been exercised upon it. Even the aspect of a stunted tree may be varied as often as there are moves on a chess board; and painters know to how many thousand uses a single bit of drapery may be applied—the smallest change in its folds giving to it a new character.

Mr Nash has produced one of the most interesting volumes it has ever been our lot to examine. It describes the old English mansions—the time-honoured dwellings of our heroic ancestors, whose names are portions of history. He has pictured them—not as many of them now are, “gloomy, desolate, and neglected”—in the once gay courts of which

“The plough has passed or weeds have grown;” but “enlivened by the presence of their inmates and guests, enjoying the recreations and pastimes, or celebrating the festivals” once so familiar to merry England, but which are now almost the exclusive property of the novelist.

“Thus, not only the domestic architecture of past ages, but the costumes and habits of England in ‘the olden time,’ are brought before the eye; and in attempting this, the artist has endeavoured to place himself in the position of a visitor to these ancient edifices, whose fancy peoples the deserted halls—stripped of all movable ornaments, and looking damp and cheerless—with the family and household of the ‘old English gentleman’ surrounded by their every-day comforts, sharing the more rare and bounteous hospitalities offered to the guests, or partaking of the boisterous merriment of Christmas gambols.”

The thought was a happy one—it has been worked out in the most satisfactory manner; and either as a book of reference for those who desire acquaintance with the more characteristic features of the domestic architecture of old England, and to obtain illustrations of the costumes, habits, and recreations of our ancestors; or because of its exceeding interest and beauty as a production of art; it will be considered one of the most valuable contributions the age has received at the hands of the artist.

The volume opens with the ‘Entrance to an old Manor-house, at East Barsham, Norfolk.’ It is represented as in the days of its grandeur—the falconer is at the gate. We turn the page, and we have the interior of the hall at Hatfield, Herts. This, unlike the former, retains its ancient beauty and splendour; proud nobles still pace over its chequered pavement, while “the old manor house” is a ruin, part of which the farmer keeps air and water-tight as shelter for his flocks and herds. The stair-case at Hatfield supplies another subject. There are three prints of Ockwells, Berks. It is a most interesting specimen of the half-timbered mansions of the reigns of Henry the Sixth and Edward the Fourth. It is now a farm-house, but time has dealt less harshly with it than with so many others of its class. It has been “restored” by the artist. With the exterior view he has given the bridal procession of a country gentleman of the days of good Queen Bess; and in the interior he describes, first, the youth and maiden listening to the strains of the venerable harper; then the glad pair passing through a lofty corridor; and then the loving wife watching through the lattice the home-coming of her husband. Plates 6 and 7 represent Wakehurst, Sussex, with the good old English gentleman at home. Plates 8 and 9 picture the princely mansion of Bramshill, Hants; the porch, where a knight is bidding farewell to his wife and child, is a superb example of the curious admixture of styles in the architecture of the reign of James the First, for whose eldest son the building was

erected. The Terrace (plate 9) is formed by a recess, extending along the south side of the mansion, with arcades under the projecting wings at each end; into this print is introduced a group engaged in the now almost obsolete game of bowls. Bramshill is the residence of Sir John Cope, Bart. The elaborately designed staircase of Crewe Hall, Cheshire, comes next; then an interior of Lord Ellenborough’s seat at Southam, Gloucestershire, with its magnificent chimney-piece, beside which sleeps a wearied sportsman with his dogs; then the picturesque gate house of Westwood, Worcestershire; then the superb hall of Beddington, Surrey; then the drawing-room of Boughton-Malherbe, Kent, the birth-place of the virtuous and accomplished Sir Henry Wotton, formerly one of the noblest mansions of the kingdom, but now “fallen from its high estate.” Penshurst, where lived and where wrote the immortal Sidney, is a simple structure; and the artist, in portraying it, seems to have caught the spirit in which Ben Jonson spoke its praises:—

“Thou art not, Penshurst, built to envious show  
Of touch or marble; nor canst boast a row  
Of polish’d pillars, or a roof of gold—”

Plate 16 is of ‘Franks, Kent,’ built by an alderman of London in 1596. The two next are of our near neighbour, Holland House. The view represents the principal front of this quaint and venerable mansion, which is of red brick with stone dressings; the porch, and the arcade, extending in front of the wings, and enclosing a terrace with an open-work parapet, are rich specimens of the Italian style in which the Elizabethan edifices were ornamented. The apartments within are sumptuously decorated in appropriate taste; and a characteristic lodge and entrance-gate have been recently added to the wall that separates its ample lawn from the high road. Altogether this is one of the most striking of the very few old English mansions remaining in the vicinity of London; and the associations connected with the edifice are not a little enriched by the learning, talent, and public spirit of its present possessor. Plate 19 is of Sutton Place, near Guilford; at the entrance sits the old huntsman with the cross bow. Plate 20 is of Loseley, also near Guilford; a matron of “old” England is watching her children at play. The five remaining plates describe Haddon Hall, in Derbyshire—its antique fire-place, the bay window, beside which sits a maiden listening to her lover’s lute; the long gallery, where a family group is assembled; the banquetting hall, with its concourse of merry mummers and morris dancers; and the chapel, where the master and his retainers assemble to worship God. Haddon Hall—we copy a passage from the descriptive catalogue—

“is, probably, the most perfect of the ancient baronial mansions remaining; and is certainly better calculated than any other to convey an idea of the large establishment and extensive hospitality of the old English baron. It has been unantennated more than a century, but has escaped the fate which, under such circumstances, usually befalls the residences of the old nobility. It was erected at various times; and affords excellent examples of the several styles of domestic architecture, from the early pointed to the Tudor and Elizabethan. Haddon was originally a ‘barton,’ or farm, appertaining to the lordship of Bakewell, which was given by William the Conqueror to his natural son, William Peverell. It became forfeited to the crown, and passed to the Avenell family, and in the reign of Richard I it came into the possession of Sir Richard de Vernon by marriage; thenceforth becoming the chief residence of the Vernon family, until by the marriage of Dorothy Vernon with Sir John Manners, second son of Thomas, the first Earl of Rutland, which title he inherited, it came into possession of the Manners family, through whom it has descended to the present Duke of Rutland. His Grace, with good taste and laudable reverence for a noble relic, preserves it intact for the gratification of all admirers of our national antiquities. The tapestry, paneling, and cornice, in the drawing-room (Plate 21), and the shields in the dining room (Plate 22) yet remain. The long gallery (Plate 23) is (the furniture excepted) in nearly the state it appears; the carved wainscoting and the ornamental ceiling continuing in a perfect state since the room was ornamented in the time of Elizabeth. It is represented as occupied by a family party in the costume of Charles I. It was, probably, used as a ball-room, as well as for promenade; and from hence we may suppose Dorothy Vernon eloped with her lover on the day of her sister’s nuptials. The banquetting-hall is made the

scene of the boisterous merriment of the mummung at Christmas festivities; the morris-dancers, with the hobby-horse, the dragon, the giant, and the ‘salvage man,’ all take part in the sports; and the rude mirth and jollity of the time grows ‘fast and furious’ under the influence of the wa-sail bowl; the noble guests are entering the hall to witness the enjoyment of their household and retainers. The chapel (Plate 25) is a good specimen of the early pointed Gothic, and is one of the most ancient portions of the building remaining. The chancel contains two large high pews, reaching nearly to the altar on each side; the one being for the lord of the mansion and his family, the other for their guests; the domestics and tenantry occupying the benches in the aisle. Hats were commonly worn in churches even so late as Charles II, as represented in the plate.”

Our remarks will, we trust, convey to our readers some idea of the rare intellectual treat with which this volume may supply them. It is full of curious records; facts of the olden time brought before us in the clearest and most interesting manner; and enlightens us as to the customs, costume, occupations, and recreations of our ancestors, more than a host of written descriptions could do. Not but that we must regret the absence of a more enlarged letter-press. The accompanying key is “neatly done;” but it is confined to a couple of pages, and its explanations are necessarily so brief as to supply information very secondary to that which is given to us by the plates. We strongly recommend Mr M’Lean to issue with the second edition—for of the work arriving at such a consummation there cannot be a doubt—a series of illustrative stories of the olden time; such as will at once interest and inform the reader, and give to the work the value of a history.

DRAWINGS OF THE LONDON AND BIRMINGHAM RAILWAY. By John C. Bourne; with an Historical and Descriptive Account, by John Britton, F.S.A. Publisher, J. C. Bourne, 19 Lamb’s Conduit street.

THIS is the age of wonders. Who could have imagined that out of such unpicturesque and unpoetical materials as steam-carriages and rail-roads, so exquisite a volume could have been formed! In the style of the execution it surpasses all the lithographic works hitherto produced in this country; extreme delicacy and care are manifested in the introduction of the tints; and it does the highest credit to the printers, Messrs Day and Haghe. The artist has, however, made the drawings on the stone as well as the designs; and we have not, therefore, to encounter the disadvantage of its passing through an intermediate channel before it reaches the public. Few persons will have any conception of the singular beauty of the scenes; whether it be of the dark and unpromising tunnels, the small arches that cross the intervening roads, the surrounding landscape, or the confused bustle of the “works” in their actual progress. The artist has made a PICTURE out of every object, favourable or unfavourable; and by no means the least striking or agreeable of the series are those which describe the labourers forming the slopes or laying down the long iron “gutters.” Even the awkward and ungainly carts that draw the “stuff,” are made to contribute pleasing effects. A more signal triumph over difficulties has never been achieved by art. It is impossible for any written description to convey a just idea of the grace and beauty of the volume; but sure we are that such of our readers as our recommendation may induce to obtain it, will feel that, however warm our praise of the artist’s merits, it must fall very far short of that to which he is entitled. It contains about 40 prints, beginning with “the Depot, Euston square,” and ending with the station at Birmingham; and the drawings are accompanied by a sufficiently lengthened and minute account of “the origin, progress, general execution and characteristics” of the railway, by Mr Britton, in whom industry has always been associated, with talent, and to whose suggestions we are largely indebted for many of the highest treats with which art has supplied us. His “Historical and Descriptive Account” is exceedingly interesting; it informs us upon every point concerning which it is either desirable or important that we should be



informed; and he has written eloquently in defence of the marvellous power which has wrought greater changes in Britain within a score of years than previous centuries had accomplished. It has been argued against rail-roads, that they destroy the picturesque, cut up the landscape, and give to Nature the character of a merchant's wharf. No one will think so who examines this beautiful volume, although we greatly fear that the artist has thrown a poetical aspect over the scenes he has depicted, and that the huge rocks and heaps of clay, and even the bridges and aqueducts, will disappoint us when we come to scrutinize them in reality. In conclusion, the artist and the author tender thanks to the directors and the officers of the railway, "for the facilities afforded them." We trust the directors have not neglected to express theirs to Mr Bourne and Mr Britton, for sure we are that a higher compliment was never paid, and a more useful service never rendered to any "society," than they have received from those gentlemen. The work cannot fail to place Mr Bourne in the highest station as an artist; whether we regard the exceeding delicacy, beauty, and accuracy of the designs, or the skilful manner in which the more mechanical parts of his task have been executed. We hope the volume will obtain a large circulation on the continent; it is a noble specimen of British genius on the one hand, and of British enterprise on the other.

FINDEN'S PORTRAITS OF THE FEMALE ARISTOCRACY OF THE COURT OF QUEEN VICTORIA. Parts I to VIII. Published by Messrs Finden, Southampton place, Euston square.

We rejoice to find this publication a successful one. It is of exceeding interest to a very large class, and of value to the public generally, not alone as a collection of excellent works of art, but as an assemblage of fair forms and lovely faces—the more acceptable because they are not the mere creations of fancy. To our minds they are infinitely preferable to those "flowers of loveliness," *et hoc genus omne*, that, for some years past, have been invented by traders in imaginary graces, single and in groups, which the accompanying bits of rhyme and mawkish stories have vainly laboured to render agreeable. The work of Messrs Finden commences with a portrait of the Queen, from a masterly drawing by R. J. Lane; and in each part are pictured three of the leading beauties of her court. The female aristocracy of England is "famous" all over the world. Our British maidens may lack some one of the fascinations by which those of other nations are distinguished; but, for a blending of the charms which render woman rich in attractions, commend us to our own dear countrywomen. Ask the British traveller what are his sensations when he is at home again, after wandering east and west, and north and south searching out and seeing the boasted beauties of countries where fiction pictures woman as perfection; and he will tell you he found none to be compared with those of his native land. In the absence of such testimony, we may receive that which is supplied to us by the publication on our table; let us take up either of the eight numbers that have been issued. No. VIII contains portraits of the Countess Cowper, Lady Forbes, and Lady Mary Grimston. It happens that they have been all copied by Mr John Hayter; but Chalon, R.A., and Eastock, share with Mr Hayter the merit of producing the work. The styles of the three artists are very distinct, and we have consequent variety. Mr Eastock adheres closely to fact; Mr Hayter is evidently desirous to make pretty pictures of pretty persons; and Mr Chalon to show how admirably he can paint feathers and lace. The Lady Wilhelmina Stanhope's plume is absolutely prodigious—"vastly foine," as the fop says in the play; and Lady Falmouth's bonnet-strings seem to have been as precious in the eyes of the artist as the "bunch of blue ribbons" was to the girl in the song. We do not perceive that any of the fair sitters have honoured Mr Ross; and venture to hint that

Messrs Finden would do wisely to retain his services; for, truly, our English beauties should be copied only by English painters.

WOODLAND SKETCHES; a Series of Characteristic Portraits of Trees. Parts I and II. Drawn from Nature and on Stone by GEORGE CHILDS. ROBERT TYAS, Publisher.

THIS work is professedly "adapted for studies for artists and amateurs;" if well coloured they would be admirable models, and might be most advantageously introduced into pictures when the actual objects were not easy of access. As copies for the student in drawing, however, they are of very considerable value; their exceeding accuracy is at once obvious, and much skill and grace are displayed in the manner in which they have been arranged and grouped. Independently of the interest the publication will possess for the "artist and amateur," it will prove generally acceptable to a far wider class—those who love and can appreciate Nature, but who have not learned to transfer her beauties to canvass or to paper. The descriptive letter-press that accompanies the prints is the production of an elegant mind; a wood engraving of the leaves, blossoms, berries, &c., peculiar to each tree is also given. The publication does much credit to its producer, and cannot fail to be both useful and agreeable to all who may possess it. The work is published in numbers—by the way, at a very cheap rate.

#### ENGRAVINGS.

THE DRUNKARD'S PROGRESS—Drawn in Lithography by the late ROBERT SEYMOUR.

A series of ten lithographic prints has been sent to us, illustrating the drunkard's progress, from the cradle to the grave; and conveying a moral lesson of a most impressive character. We strongly recommend it to the members of the Temperance Society; not for their own benefit, but as an effective warning against the desperate habit of drinking, of which they make more serviceable use than they can of a thousand tracts and sermons. It traces the drunkard's career from "the first taste" to the last sup; each print illustrates the wretchedness and degradation to which drunkenness leads; and shows how widely spread must be the evil produced by the most selfish and debasing of all the vices. The prints are the production of Robert Seymour, whose humour so long kept the town as well as the table in a roar; and whose melancholy fate few can think upon without deep grief. He was the very soul of merriment; his pencil seemed to move only to trace some oddity in character; yet he never used his power ungenerously; his caricatures (if so we must style them) were never personal; his perpetual object was to "shoot folly as it flies;" to attack absurdities in masses; but to wound the sensibility of no one. We should have quoted his name, if we had been asked to select a man of all others with the lightest heart, upon whom the world and its cares made but small and brief impression; and who would have passed through life with a natural gaiety which shook off sorrow as the swan does the rain drops from his wing. Alas! how little we know of one another. How perpetually does some inconsistency confound our estimate of character. There is a story told of the celebrated "clown" of Paris. Being ill, he consulted a physician. After detailing his sensations, the doctor addressed him—"Sir, it is no use my prescribing for you. All you want is some excitement for your spirits. Go and see the famous Carlini, who makes all Paris merry." "Alas! sir," exclaimed the patient, "I am that unhappy Carlini." Poor Seymour! at the very time when he was delighting tens of thousands by his sketches; just, too, as fortune was in the wake of fame; and the celebrity which "Pickwick" gained for the artist as well as the author, was

about to bring more solid recompense than golden opinions! He died by his own hand! He was easy in his circumstances; most happy in his home, his domestic comforts being of the safest and surest nature; and the future had nothing in it of gloom; the act is, perhaps, the most unaccountable that could be quoted of the uncertain tenure by which reason holds her seat. We shall endeavour to obtain some particulars relative to the life and professional career of an artist to whom we are indebted for so many pleasant hours. Our present object is to state that his widow has commenced business in Catherine-street, Strand, as a printseller; and to express a hope that she may receive that patronage which the generous and wealthy are always ready to bestow, when they are made acquainted with a proper channel into which it may be directed.

THE DISPATCH AFTER THE BATTLE—Painted and Engraved by J. BURNET.

THIS print—the painting and engraving by John Burnet—is on the eve of publication. It is worthy the accomplished artist, and not unworthy the hero to whose great mind it is designed to do honour. The duke is represented on one of those trying occasions, when, left to his own resources, or at least depending solely upon them, a moment's slip, a single miscalculation, might have robbed Britain of its chiefest pride, and his country of its highest glory. It is night over the battle field; upon the morrow's fight (for it is a misnomer to call it "after the battle") depends the destinies of Europe; the Duke is penning a "dispatch," which a sturdy Guerilla waits to convey to some distant encampment;—but as, perhaps, next month it may be ready, we shall have occasion to comment upon it at greater length.

THE ARMY AND NAVY.—J. P. KNIGHT, A.R.A., Painter.—S. W. REYNOLDS, Engraver.—ACKERMANN and Co. Publishers.

WE have never seen the great British Admiral and we presume that Mr Knight is similarly circumstanced; the portrait of Lord Nelson may be, therefore, for aught that either of us can say, a very striking likeness; but we doubt if the portrait of Colonel Sir Arthur Wellesley ever resembled the gainer of battles in Europe and in Asia. If it be like what he was, it certainly is not like what he is; this print, therefore, can have little value in the eyes of "the members of the united service, and the British nation in general," to whom it is somewhat pompously "dedicated,"—except inasmuch as it records a remarkable incident, not the less pleasing because apocryphal. Mr Knight's authority for picturing a meeting between the two heroes of the age, is the Edinburgh Review; but on what authority the journal states that they *did* meet we are left to guess. The print is, however, an agreeable one; and many may value it notwithstanding a little scepticism as to the "fact." One fact, however, has certainly been misstated; the autographs of the heroes are given with the engraving; that of "Nelson" is as it should be, but that of his Grace ought to have been "Arthur Wellesley" and not "Wellington," for we apprehend his Grace's elevation to the Peerage was an after-event.

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